

YURI DRUZHKOY

THE ADVENTURES OF PENCIL AND SCREWBOLT







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OF PENCIL AND SCREWBOLT

A Nearly True Story



PROGRESS PUBLISHERS
MOSCOW

Translated from the Russian by *Fainna Glagoleva*
Drawings by *Nikolai Grishin*

Our dear little friends,

In this book you will meet two very outstanding characters, Pencil who is an artist and a real magician, and Screwball, a little iron man, who is a very clever mechanic. Both are very nice people and we hope you will like them and will want to learn from them.

If so, write to us and tell us how you understood this book and what it has taught you.

We get very many letters from our young readers. The boy wrote, "Please tell me where I can learn to draw like Pencil. I would then draw myself a bicycle, a toy gun and two toy cars."

And another boy wants to learn to draw for a very different reason: "I want to draw a magic school where all my chums could learn to be magicians. And I also want to draw a river by our house so that Granny does not have to go far with her washing. She's old, you know."

Frankly, we like the second letter better. Why, do you think?

Yuri Druzhkov

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Приключения Карандаша и Самоделкина
На английском языке

First printing 1973

© Translated into English. Progress
Publishers 1973, illustrated

Printed in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics

CHAPTER 1

In which drawings come to life

There was a very big toy shop in Happy Bluebell Street in a large city.

One day someone in the shop sneezed.

Had it been one of the clerks who was showing a young shopper a toy or one of the young shoppers, there would have been nothing to be surprised at. But it was neither one of the clerks nor one of the shoppers. You may not believe me, but I'll tell you anyway.

It was a box that sneezed! That's exactly what it was. A box of coloured pencils that was lying on a shelf among many other boxes. The bright lettering on it read:

MAGIC COLOURED PENCILS

But that wasn't all. Next to it was a box with the following words printed on it:

SCREW AND BOLT CONSTRUCTION KIT

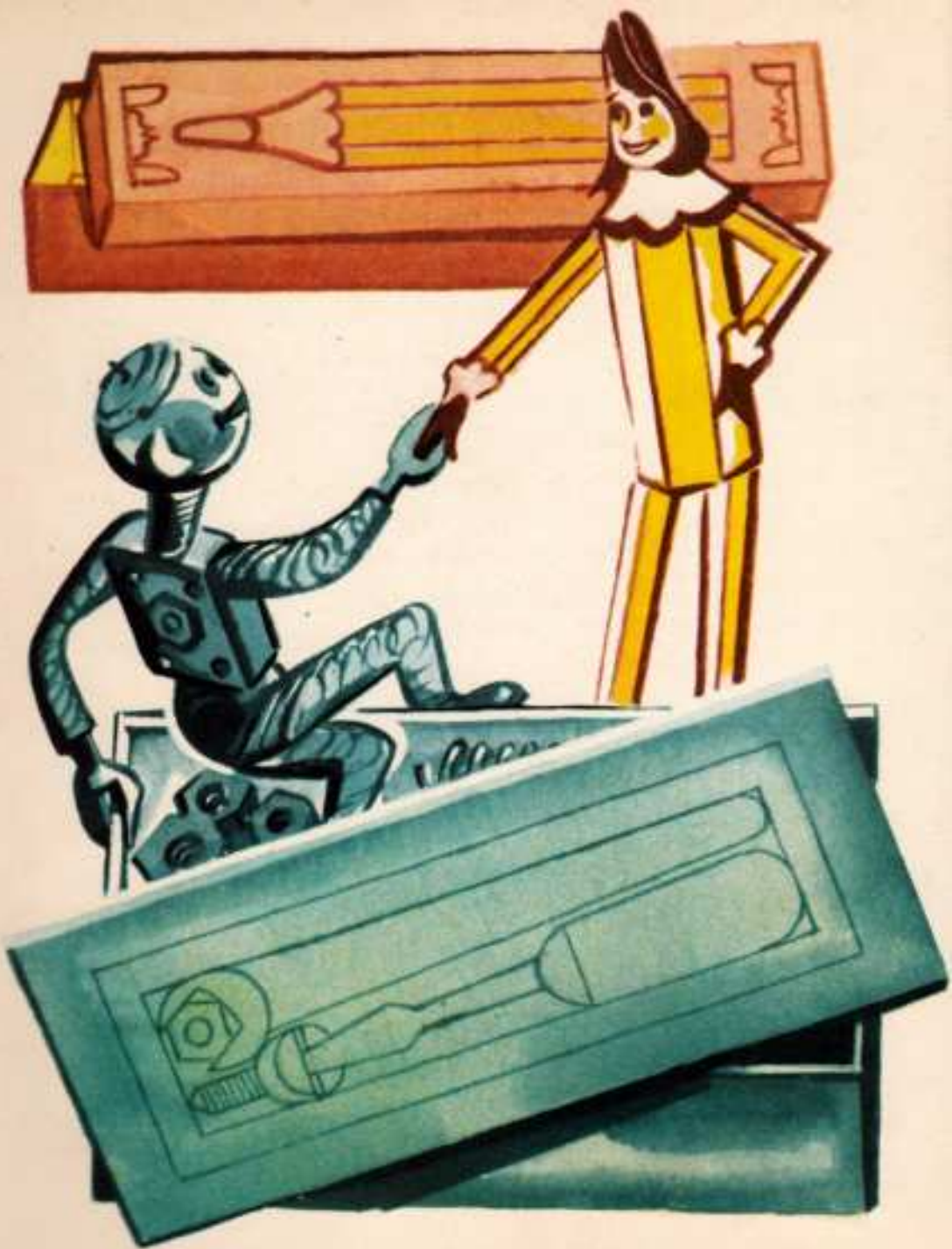
Now, when the first box sneezed, the second box said, "Well!"

Then the bright lid of the first box opened. There was just one small pencil inside, but it wasn't an ordinary lead pencil, or a coloured pencil. No, it was the most unusual, the strangest pencil ever.

Look at it. Isn't it funny?

Pencil went over to the construction kit, knocked on the wooden lid and said, "Who's in here?"

"Me, Screwbolt!" came the answer. "Can you help me out? I can't seem to manage by myself." Pencil heard a jingling sound.



He pulled at the lid and peeped in. . . . There, sitting up among the shiny screws, bolts, wheels, springs and metal plates was a strange little metal creature. He popped out like a jack-in-the-box and stood swaying there on his skinny little legs that were made of springs. He was looking at Pencil closely. "Who are you?" he finally asked.

"Me? I'm an artist. And a magician. My name is Pencil. I can draw live pictures."

"What's that?"

"Well, for instance, I can draw a bird, and it'll come to life and fly away. I can draw sweets that you can eat."

"I don't believe you," Screwbolt said. "Things like that never happen!" And he laughed.

"Magicians never lie," said Pencil. He was offended.

"All right. Draw me an airplane. I'll see how good a magician you are. If you're telling the truth, that is."

"But I don't know what an airplane is. Why don't I draw you a carrot instead?"

"Who wants a carrot? Do you mean to say you've never seen an airplane? In this day and age!"

Pencil felt hurt again. "You don't have to make fun of me. If you know what an airplane is, why don't you tell me what it's like? Then I can draw one. There's a colouring book in my box. It has pictures of houses, birds, carrots, cucumbers, sweets, horses, chicks, hens, cats and dogs. But no airplanes."

Screwbolt hopped up and down, which made his springs jingle. "What a silly colouring book that is! All right, I'll show you what an airplane's like. It looks like a big cucumber with wings. I'll make a model plane for you from my kit." Screwbolt hopped back into his wooden box.

He rattled the metal plates, hunting for the right screws and wheels. He screwed them in place quickly with a screw-driver and then began hammering. He sang as he worked:

*I will do everything myself,
Let miracles stay on the shelf!
Myself! Myself! Myself!*

Meanwhile, Pencil took some coloured pencils from his pocket. He thought a while and then drew a cucumber. It was fresh and green and had little bumps on it. Then he added some wings. "Hey, Screwbolt! Come here! Look at my airplane."

"Wait a sec. I just have to put on the propeller. Here, see? This is an airplane."

Screwbolt hopped out of his box. He was holding an airplane. I won't tell you what it was like, because everyone knows what a plane looks like. Pencil was the only one who didn't. "How well you've drawn it," Pencil said.

"Not at all," Screwbolt replied. "I don't know how to draw. I made it from my kit." Then he noticed the fresh green cucumber. "Where'd you get the cucumber?"

"It's my . . . it's my airplane."

Screwbolt shook and jiggled. Every spring in his body jingled as he laughed and laughed.

What a tease he was! He kept on laughing, as if someone were tickling him.

Pencil became angry. He drew a cloud on the wall, and real rain began falling from the cloud. It drenched Screwbolt and made him stop his laughing.

"Brrr!" he said. "Where'd this awful rain come from? I m-m-might get rusty!"

"Why were you laughing at me? You were the one who said it looked like a cucumber!"



"Help! I'll split my sides! I'll get unscrewed if I laugh like this. What a plane! Why'd you stick those chicken feathers in it? Ha-ha-ha! Don't you know that thing will never fly!"

"Oh, yes, it will! The wings will fly, and the plane will fly along with them."

"Show me where the motor is. And what about the stick? You can't fly a plane without them."

"Get on my plane. You'll see whether it flies or not," said Pencil and mounted the cucumber.

Screwbolt was laughing so hard he nearly rolled over it. Just then a gust of wind burst in through the window. The wings began to flap, the cucumber shuddered and took off like a real plane.

"Help!" both Pencil and Screwbolt shouted.

BANG! CRASH!

The fresh green cucumber, which was very real, flew out of the window and crashed to the ground.

Indeed, how could it have done otherwise? The airplane had no stick and it couldn't fly far without one. That is why it crashed. Then the wings fell off. They were caught up by the wind and deposited on a nearby rooftop.

CHAPTER 2

In which we meet two ponies

Screwbolt clattered like an empty can, but he didn't get hurt. After all, he was made of iron. He was just scared, because he had never flown before. "You're a real magician!" he cried. "Even I can't draw live pictures."

"How can we get back into our boxes?" Pencil said and sighed as he rubbed the bump on his head.

"Who wants to?" Screwbolt said excitedly. "It's dark in there! And there's no room to move about. I want to run, jump, ride and fly! Draw us a new plane. We'll go off on a real journey. We'll see real planes. We'll see everything there is to see in the whole world!"

But Pencil didn't feel like drawing any more airplanes. "I'll draw us some horses," he said.

He drew two very nice ponies on the white wall of a building. Each had a soft saddle and a beautiful bridle.

First the ponies swished their tails. Then they whinnied happily. Then they came down off the wall!

Screwbolt gaped. He sat down from wonder. He couldn't believe his eyes. "You're a great magician! I'd never be able to do that!"

"It's time we were going," Pencil said modestly though he was very pleased at the praise. "Choose yourself a pony, and let's go."

Screwbolt chose the pony with the purple bridle. Pencil took the one with the pink bridle. They mounted their ponies and were off on their adventures.

CHAPTER 3

In which the ponies gallop through the city

A militiaman stood in Sunshine Square, the nicest square in town. Cars and trucks were hurrying by him. There were big buses, long trolley-buses and compact cars. Motorcycles coughed impatiently, trying to overtake all the other traffic.



Suddenly, the militiaman said, "I must be seeing things!"

There, coming down the wide city street that was jammed with cars and trucks, were two ponies. One was brown with white spots, the other was white with brown spots. Astride the ponies were two very small persons who were taking in the sights and singing loudly,

*I will ride upon my pony,
I will give my pony honey.
Let me ride you, little pony,
For the roads are hard and stony!*

Of course, they were Pencil and Screwbolt.

As they looked now to the left, now to the right, the ponies, too, turned now to the left, now to the right. First they trotted, then they stopped, right in front of a car.

The militiaman put his whistle to his lips and whistled as loudly as he could. All the drivers looked at him. Pencil and Screwbolt were the only ones who didn't even turn their heads. They simply didn't know anything about militiamen or why they whistled.

*Let me ride you, little pony,
For the roads are hard and stony!*

Screwbolt sang at the top of his voice as he swayed in the saddle. Pencil sang along in a piping voice:

For the roads are hard and stony!

"Who do they think they are!" the militiaman muttered. "They're breaking every traffic rule! They're a menace!"

His big red motorcycle was parked at his side. He got on it and drove to the centre of Apple Street. The light turned red.

The buses, trolley-buses, trucks, cars, motorcycles and bicycles came to a stop. But Pencil and Screwbolt continued merrily on their way. No one had ever told them about traffic lights.

"Stop!" the militiaman said.

"Oh-oh!" Pencil whispered. "I think we're in trouble."

A small crowd gathered round them. "They must be a circus act!" a boy said.

"What's the matter, fellows? Why are you breaking the rules? Where do you live?"

"Uh. . . . In a box," Screwbolt replied in a frightened voice.

"Abox? Is that the name of a village? Abox village?"

"No. I mean a real box."

"What?" The militiaman pulled out his handkerchief and mopped his brow. "Listen, fellow, I have no time for jokes. See that you don't break any more traffic rules."

"What are traffic rules?" Pencil, who was very curious, was about to ask, but Screwbolt tugged at his sleeve in time to stop him. That would have been a nice question to ask a militiaman!

The light turned green. All the cars, buses, trolley-buses, trucks, motorcycles and bicycles were off again.

"It's all because of our ponies," Screwbolt said. "You need a car to travel in the city."

CHAPTER 4

In which pillows become wheels

"I'll draw us a car," Pencil said.

"You think that's easy? It won't come out right. Even I need a very good kit to make a car. We might make a scooter, but where can we get the wheels?"

"Why do you think it won't come out right?" Pencil interrupted. "I've seen any number of cars."

"All right. But don't forget the tires. If you don't have good tires, the car will rattle and bounce. And I can't stand being rattled. All my screws get loose. Tires are like pillows, you know. They give you a very smooth ride."

"Don't worry," said Pencil, who was already busy at work. "We'll have a real smooth ride."

While Pencil was drawing a car on the white wall of a building, Screwbolt led the ponies to a nearby square, where he left them to graze on the lawn. When he returned he looked at the drawing. Before he had a chance to give Pencil some advice, Pencil clapped his hands, and there was the car, a real car now, standing next to them.

"What have you done?" Screwbolt shouted. "Why did you draw pillows on the wheels?"

There was a pillow tied round each of the wheels. These were real down pillows, with pink pillow-slips and white ties. Pencil had drawn the pillows very well.

"You were the one who told me about the pillows," he said.

"I did not!"

"You did so!"

"You always mess things up. This car isn't any good."

"Yes, it is!"

"No, it isn't! It won't move. I know what I'm talking about."

"Yes, it will."

"It certainly won't."

"Get in and see."

"Don't think I won't. And you'll see it's no good."

They both got in. The motor began to hum, and they were off.



"It's moving!" Pencil shouted.

Screwbolt was so surprised he had to hang on to the steering wheel with both hands for fear of falling out. He had no time to look around. Still, he did notice that passers-by were turning to stare and point at them. "What a funny car," they were saying. "It's rolling along on pillows!"

CHAPTER 5

In which the journey continues

The travellers did not get far in the city, for this is what happened next.

Pencil spotted a vehicle that looked like two huge drums. It was rolling slowly down the street. The pavement under it was blacker and smoother than anywheres else. A strange hot smell was rising from under its wheels. All the other cars detoured round the rolling drums and the black pavement under it.

When Screwbolt noticed the rolling drums he said: "That's one car we're going to overtake! Everyone else keeps speeding past us."

He steered right onto the black pavement.

RRRIP!

The pink pillow-slips stuck to the hot asphalt and tore. Feathers flew out from under the wheels. The wind caught them up and carried them over the cars, the houses and the trees.

Meanwhile, their car lurched forward, leaving bits of pink rag behind.

The street finally ended. Ahead was a large square, but it was not paved with asphalt, it was paved with ancient paving-stones.



The wheels of the little car rattled and screamed, while the car jumped, bounced and swayed from side to side.

Screwbolt hit his nose against the steering wheel. Pencil bobbed up and down on the seat like a rubber ball.

"I'll ssss-sssn ga-ga-ge-ge un-un-un-ssssddd," Screwbolt muttered. What he wanted to say was, "I'll soon get unscrewed," but he was so badly shaken up that he couldn't speak properly.

"I'mmmmm gggggog shhhhhh," said Pencil. What he wanted to say was, "I'm getting so shaken up that I can't understand what you're saying."

"Leeeehsssstp," Screwbolt replied. He was trying to say, "Let's stop, so we can put real rubber tires on the wheels."

CHAPTER 6

In which Venya Kashkin draws two robbers

Just then a band of very fierce-looking boys appeared on the square. They were running, shouting and waving wooden swords and brandishing toy guns. It looked as if a gang of robbers were attacking the city.

"Hooray!" the boys shouted, "Get 'em! Bang! Bang! You're dead!"

The two friends were a bit frightened. They wanted to avoid the boys, but the car was heading straight towards them.

Leading the band was a boy in a black paper mask, the kind people wear at masquerades or carnivals.

"Follow me, men!" the boy shouted. "Mount your horses!" Naturally, they had no horses. This boy certainly liked to boss the others.

His mask was on crooked from running. It got in his way and covered his eyes. That's why he bumped into their car and then bounced off it.

The car groaned, fell apart, and the wheels rolled off.

"Crash! Bang!" the boy said as he sat up on the pavement.

The other boys stopped running. They were all breathing hard.

"Look what a wonderful, excellent automobile you've ruined!" Screwbolt said angrily. He could speak normally now, for he wasn't being rattled any more.

"We didn't ruin anything," the boys replied. "Our commander, Venya Kashkin, fell on top of your car by accident."

"You didn't ruin anything. . . ." Screwbolt mimicked. "Then why were you waving those sticks around and shouting, and running at us? Because you wanted to wreck our car!"

"They're not sticks!" the boys said huffily. "They're swords. We're playing spies and robbers. And Venya's our commander."

As soon as Pencil heard these unfamiliar words he pricked up his ears. He even forgot about the wrecked car. That's how curious he was.

"Did you say spies and robbers?" he asked.

"Yes. That's what all the boys we know play."

"What's a spy and what's a robber?" Pencil asked.

"Ha!" Venya Kashkin snorted. "He doesn't even know. Don't you ever read books?"

"Would you please draw me a picture of some spies and some robbers so I can see what they're like," the little artist said. He was quite certain that everyone in the world knew how to draw well. "They must be very interesting creatures," he continued, "but I don't know anything about them. I've seen a lot of cars today, but I've never seen a spy or a robber. I want to know all about everything. Please draw them for me."

"I'm too busy. Besides, I'm in a hurry," Venya grumbled. But the boys shouted, "Go on, Venya! Draw him a pirate and a spy."

"Here, take my paints and brush," Pencil offered and pulled a box of paints, a sheet of paper and an eraser from his pocket.

"Well, if you want me to," Venya said. He took the paints and paper, removed his mask and sat down.

First, a large black blot that looked like a shaggy dog appeared on the paper. It was a drop of paint that had rolled off the brush. Then Venya drew two very scary pictures.

One was of a ferocious-looking man with a bristly red beard. He was dressed in a striped jersey and a pea-jacket and was holding a pirate's flag. He had a huge curved knife and two pistols stuck in his belt. Beside him was another man. This one had a long red nose. His raincoat was buttoned up to his chin. He also had on a black mask.

The bearded pirate was waving the Jolly Roger. The other man, who was a spy, was squinting suspiciously through the slits in his mask.

"This one here is a pirate, which is a robber on the high seas. And this one is a spy," Venya said.

"Golly, they're just like they're supposed to be," the boys exclaimed.

"How awful!" Screwbolt whispered.

"How terrible they are!" said Pencil and shuddered. "I'll never draw any pictures like that."

"That's because you can't draw as good as me," said Venya.

"You mean I can't draw?" Pencil said.

"You mean Pencil can't draw?" Screwbolt said, jingling his springs.

Naturally, Pencil started drawing right away, to show Venya Kashkin how a real artist worked.

"I know that one," Venya said, looking over his shoulder. "A dot and a spot, and a ring around it, and you have a face. . . ."

"That's not what I'm drawing at all. I'm drawing a boy," said Pencil.

"Come on, men, we can't spend all day here. Follow me!" said Venya.

The boys ran after him, waving their swords and shouting. But a small boy remained sitting on the pavement.

What boy? Why, the one Pencil had just drawn.

Oh, dear! How could he have been so careless? He had drawn a real boy! What would happen to him now? Who would care for him, feed him and look after him? My, my, my!

The little boy sat there, blinking.

CHAPTER 7

In which a house is built

"What's your name?" Pencil asked the boy.

The boy did not reply.

"Do you know your last name?"

Still, the boy said nothing. He raised his hand to his mouth and ran his fingers down over his lips. This made a very funny sound, something like "brrrum". The boy liked the sound. He ran his fingers down over his lips again: "Brrum!" "Brrummm!"

"Who are you?" Screwbolt asked.

"Brrummm! Brum! Brummm!" the boy continued his game.

"He's Brum!" Pencil exclaimed. "Can't you hear him saying: Brum?"

"Indeed, he is. Brum is a nice name. Brummy. Do you want to go journeying with us, Brummy?"

Little Brummy didn't know what journeying was, otherwise he certainly would have agreed. He didn't reply to Screwbolt's question. Instead, he suddenly grabbed hold of his leg and practically sent Screwbolt reeling.

"Now, don't be naughty!"

Meanwhile, the boy was playing his game again, saying "Brrum! Brummmmm! Brum!"

"He doesn't even know how to talk! What are we going to do with him?" Screwbolt cried.

Then a drop of water plopped on Screwbolt's head. It was an ordinary raindrop. "Brrr! It's starting to rain!"

A dark cloud hung over the city. The people in the streets turned up their collars and hurried for shelter. Some hid in doorways, others in shops, while some ran towards the buses. The militiaman was the only one who wasn't in a hurry. He just stood at his post in the centre of the square. Militiamen are not afraid of the rain.

"Rain, rain, go away!" the children in the street chanted.

There was a loud clap of thunder. Then the rain came pouring down. It was a warm rain, and not too hard, but still, it was wet.

"The child will catch cold! He'll get wet! Hurry!" Screwbolt shouted.

Pencil and Screwbolt grabbed hold of Brummy's hands and ran off to the boulevard, where they hid in the bushes.

"Pitter-patter, pitter-patter" went the rain, pressing the grass to the ground. Soon the cloud moved its ragged edge and floated off. The sun arched an eyebrow at the rain and it stopped.



Screwbolt peeped out of the bush.

"Has the rain stopped?"

"Yes! Come on out!"

"What if it starts again?"

"It won't."

"I'm afraid of rain. Can you please draw us a little house that has a real roof. Help!" he yelped and Pencil laughed.

A large raindrop had been swaying on a branch. Now it had finally fallen, right onto Screwbolt's nose. He scooted back into the bush. "I won't come out again until the house is ready."

So Pencil drew them a house on a patch of yellow sand beneath some bushes. "It's ready!" he said when the last tile was drawn on the roof.

Screwbolt dashed out from his hiding place. It was just like a fairy-tale. There was a new house with a peaked roof.

"It's perfect!" he said. "But why did you draw a well? It should have plumbing."

There was a well outside the house, with a pail on a rope. Pencil didn't know how to draw pipes, but the well was lovely.

"I don't know what plumbing is," Pencil said with a sigh. "I really haven't had much experience yet."

"That's all right. I'll tell you all about it later. We have to get Brummy dry first. He's soaked. But where is he? Hey! Brummy! Where are you?"

Screwbolt pushed the branches aside and looked around. Brummy was nowhere to be seen. He had run away!

"I knew it! You can't be trusted with a child!" Pencil said excitedly. "We have to find him. He might be run over! He's such a baby!"

CHAPTER 8

In which the boats go sailing

Have you ever noticed how wonderful a city becomes after a shower? The gutters are filled with swift streams of water, and everything is glistening wet. Cars splash through puddles, sun-spots dance on the water everywhere. Boys try to out-run the streams. The rain has stopped. Hooray!

Brummy was dashing up and down with a crowd of boys. He was laughing. He splashed through the water, trying to catch his new sandal that was floating along like a boat, rocking on the waves.

There were boats sailing down every street. Some were made of paper and wood. There were sailboats and motor boats, and even quite a few chips with a bit of stick for a mast. Hundreds of boats had been set afloat by hundreds of boys.

"Look at the boats!" the children shouted.

"The boats!" little Brummy suddenly squealed.

In this town there were always boats afloat after a summer shower. Today there were more than ever.

"Why are there so many boats today?" the people in the streets asked each other.

"Don't you know? There's going to be a sailing contest tomorrow."

"Where?"

"At Big Swan Pond at the Zoo. My son's entering his boat."

This was what the people were saying as they watched the boats. The cars let them pass. Militiamen stopped all traffic at the crossroads to let the racing boats go by.

Brummy was very excited. He kept bouncing up and down, shouting, "Blip! Blop! Bloop!"

Venya Kashkin was running along beside him. He was laughing, too. He never bothered to make a boat of his own. Now he was pelting Brummy's sandal with pebbles.

"Ready! Aim! Fire!" he shouted and tossed one pebble after another at the sandal-boat. One shell finally hit it. A wave washed over it and it sank.

"Zoom!" said Venya and aimed his next pebble at someone's paper boat.

Just then Pencil and Screwbolt appeared. They spotted Brummy and began to shout and wave.

"Hey, Brummy!"

"You bad boy!"

"Come back this minute!"

But Brummy paid no attention to them. "Boats! Boats!" he sang along with the other boys.

"You'll get your feet wet! You'll get sick!" Screwbolt shouted, jumping along on his springy legs.

He soon caught up with Brummy, but he was afraid to step into the water and so could not grab hold of him.

"Didn't you hear what I said!"

"Boats! Boats!" Brummy squealed.

"Wait, Brummy! Stop! Would you like me to tell you a story? Come over here. I know a very interesting story! Now listen. . . . 'Once upon a time there was a naughty little train. . . .' Don't splash through puddles, Brummy!"

But Brummy only had eyes for the boats.

"I know! I'll make you a boat! A real one! Better than any of these!"

Brummy stopped in his tracks. Screwbolt, who was quite out of breath by now, finally got hold of him.

"I want a boat! A boat!"

"You'll have one. Whew! I'm all in! Come on, let's go home. We'll get you dry first and then we'll make you a boat. Please draw us a pair of dry shoes, Pencil. And some tools for me. I'll also need a couple of planks. I promised, you know."

They rushed home, undressed Brummy, rubbed him with a turkish towel, which Pencil drew, and put him to bed.

The magic artist had a big job drawing the comfortable beds and chairs, the round table, the fragrant, toasted buns, the cups of milk and the iron stove (just in case).

One thing Pencil didn't have to draw was the wall clock. For some strange reason there was an old-fashioned wall clock on the wall. The round pendulum went back and forth, back and forth, tick-tock, tick-tock.

No one knows why the clock had come with the house. But that's what magicians are like. They'll always put in a bit of extra magic when they're doing something.

Screwbolt had stopped being amazed at the goings on. However, he was terribly worried about Brummy. He was afraid he'd catch cold.

Brummy didn't want to go to bed. He didn't want to have hot milk. Screwbolt had to talk him into it. "If you don't listen to me, I won't make you a boat."

Brummy gulped his milk down after that.

It was getting dark outside.

"Oh, I really am tired!" Pencil said after he had eaten a bun and had had a cup of milk. "I'm so sleepy!" He yawned.

"It's time for Brummy to go to sleep. All good children go to bed at this time. Don't blink like that, Brummy! Close your eyes and go to sleep, and I'll tell you a story."

"You don't know how to bring up children," Pencil said. "You have to provide an example," he yawned again, took off

his coat and trousers, drew a nail on the wall, hung his clothes on it, got into bed, pulled the covers up over his head and was fast asleep in no time.

"Sleepy head," Screwbolt grumbled and began his story. "Once upon a time there was a naughty little train. . . ."

The bushes outside the window rustled like trees. There were children running by outside, making a lot of noise. But soon they were gone. It became very quiet. Night had descended. No one had noticed the strange little house hidden away among the bushes in a far corner of the boulevard known as Cool Blue Boulevard.

CHAPTER 9

In which a cat and a mouse appear

Screwbolt dreamed of red, black, green, white, blue and striped trains.

They chugged along the tracks whistling "toot-toot".

Then one of the trains began to screech, as if its wheels needed oiling. It was a sort of scraping, scratching sound. The scraping was so loud that Screwbolt had to stop the train and oil the wheels. He could not have a train screeching, not even if it was only a train he was dreaming about, and there really weren't any red or white, or green, or striped trains nearby. That's why he took a large oiling can and oiled the wheels. But soon the train was making more noise than ever.

"What's wrong with it?" Screwbolt said in his sleep and woke up.

It was very still in the room. The moon was shining in through the window, the leaves were rustling over the roof. Tick-tock,

tick-tock went the clock on the wall. Screwbolt closed his eyes. Just then he heard a loud scratching noise.

It was a mouse.

Screwbolt tried to go back to sleep, but the mouse kept on scratching and scraping at the wall.

Then Screwbolt knocked on the wall, to scare the mouse away. But the scraping continued. It was so loud it finally awakened Pencil and Brummy.

"Who's there?" Pencil asked.

"Why did you have to draw a mouse?" Screwbolt muttered.

"But I didn't. Honestly, I didn't!"

"I wonder! Can't you hear it scratching! Or do you think it was me who drew it?" Screwbolt said.

The scraping was becoming louder and louder. Pencil got so annoyed he grabbed his shoe and flung it at the far corner of the room. For a moment all was still. But there it was again.

"Serratch! Serratch!" Brummy said happily.

"Serratch! Serratch!" went the mouse.

"The child is awake!" Screwbolt said angrily.

"Oh, this is too much!" Pencil cried and got up out of bed. Do you know what he did? He drew a cat. A big, furry grey cat.

Everything became suddenly still once again. The mouse stopped scratching. Screwbolt turned over on his other side and dozed off. Pencil pulled the covers up to his chin and...

The drawn cat crossed the room. Then it heard the clock going tick-tock, tick-tock and saw the pendulum swinging back and forth. It fixed its green eyes on the pendulum and meowed. The cat thought the pendulum was a fat, round mouse with a long, long tail.

The cat crept up and pounced on the clock. The pendulum, the clock and the new cat all came tumbling to the floor with a great crash and much loud meowing.

"This is the end!" Screwbolt shouted.

"Scat!" Pencil shouted and flung his other shoe at the cat.

Brummy clapped his hands and laughed with glee.

Then the three of them began chasing the cat. They shouted, the cat meowed, and together they overturned chairs and broke their cups. Finally, the cat had the sense to jump out of the window and onto the grass.

"Why did you have to draw a cat?" Screwbolt said.

"The child is still up at this hour," Pencil replied. "It's terrible."

"It's time to sleep," Screwbolt said in a stern voice.

He tucked Brummy in and went back to his own bed. Soon he was dreaming of red, green and striped trains again.

CHAPTER 10

In which Brummy flies to the Moon

Early the next morning Screwbolt sprang up from bed like a spring. He looked at Brummy's bed and shouted, "Brummy's gone! Get up, Pencil! Hurry! Brummy's gone!"

The boy's bed was empty.

They threw open the door and were about to dash off, they knew not where, when . . . they spotted him.

Do you know what Brummy was doing? You'll never guess. He was dangling from a tree by his pants and grinning! He had a plastic bag with holes in it pulled over his head.

There was a group of boys with plastic bags on standing around under the tree. One of the boys was ordering the others about.

"Man your stations! Is everyone ready?"

"Yes!" the boys shouted.

"Yes!" Brummy squeaked.

"Get the launching pad ready!"

The boys grabbed hold of the branch from which a happy Brummy was dangling and pulled it towards the ground.

At this point both Pencil and Screwbolt began shouting and waving their arms. They rushed towards the tree. The cosmonauts scattered in all directions, letting go of the branch.

Brummy was launched.

"Hooray!" the boys shouted from a distance. "He's in orbit! Watch him go!"

Pencil had to draw a big ladder in order to take Brummy down. He was in a great hurry, and so the ladder came out a bit crooked. Screwbolt climbed up after Brummy. He looked at him angrily and said, "This child will be the end of me! I'll soon get unscrewed from all this worry!"

"Tsk, ts!" Pencil clucked.

"Why did you draw such a naughty boy?" Screwbolt asked as they led Brummy home. "Don't you know good children never run away from home, Brummy?"

"Don't ask him such questions," Pencil said. "He doesn't really know how to talk yet. He doesn't know what you mean."

"Yes, I can talk!" Brummy said. "I can! Ro-cket. . . Orbit. . . Foot-ball. . . Hel-met. . ."

"What strange words he's saying," said Pencil. "I didn't know he was a foreigner!"



But Screwbolt seemed very pleased. His springs jingled as he said, "The boy is speaking very nicely. He's quite clever. We must teach him to speak as soon as possible. I'll take over his teaching. Now, repeat after me, Brummy: Pa-pa. Say: pa-pa."

"Pa-pa," said Brummy.

"See! What did I tell you!"

"What did I tell you!" Brummy repeated.

"He needs a good wash first," Pencil said grumpily. "Then some breakfast, and then you can start teaching him to talk. Come on, Brummy, watch me wash!"

Pencil got out the turkish towel, scooped up a pailful of water from the well and began splashing happily in the cool, fresh water.

"Brrr!" Screwbolt said and shuddered. "What an awful habit that is!" Screwbolt, being made of iron, was terribly afraid of water.

"An aw-ful ha-bit!" Brummy repeated.

Pencil became angry. "You're spoiling the child! Look what you've done!"

"Humph! A person can't even open his mouth around here," Screwbolt muttered.

CHAPTER 11

*In which there are ice-cream, a hot day
and real snow*

First, Brummy didn't want to wash. Then Brummy didn't want to drink his milk.

"If you don't wash every day and if you don't have your milk, I won't make you a boat," Screwbolt said.

Brummy gulped down his milk and ate a fresh bun.

While Pencil was busy drawing tools, Screwbolt was teaching Brummy to talk.

"Say mo-tor."

"Mo-tor."

"Say valve."

"Valve."

"Brummy's a very clever boy!"

"Brummy's a ver-ry clever boy."

"Now say helicopter."

"He-li-cop-ter."

"Excellent! We'll learn all the best words today."

However, Brummy soon tired of this game and instead of saying "ventilator" he said "ventirator" and instead of saying "shovel" he said "povel".

"He's exhausted," said Pencil. "You can't teach him everything in one day! He'll become confused!"

"I can't teach him with you interfering. I'd suggest you. . . ."

"You draw a boy like him first, and then start suggesting things," Pencil interrupted. "I'm sure he's got a headache!"

"A headache!" Brummy said happily.

Both Pencil and Screwbolt rushed up to him and put their hands on his forehead.

"He's simply hot," said Screwbolt.

"Hot," said Brummy.

"What can we do?"

"I'll draw some snow. That will cool him off," said Pencil.

Indeed, it was so hot that day that the flowers along the boulevard were limp. The summer sun beat down upon the streets

and the houses. Watering trucks drove up and down watering the streets, sidewalks, lawns, trees and boys. The grown-ups watched them and sighed.

Screwbolt was feeling the heat, too. After all, he was made of iron.

"You're as hot as a boiler," Pencil said as he drew some snow on the grass.

"Look! There's real snow on the grass!" the children on the boulevard shouted.

"It's unbelievable!" the passers-by said. "Indeed, it really is snow!"

There it was, pure-white and ice-cold! All around it were green trees and bright flowers and people fanning themselves with handkerchiefs and newspapers as they panted from the heat. Some came up, touched the snow with their hands and smiled. An artist came along and started painting a picture of white snow on green grass.

A woman in a white smock and carrying a white box on a strap came over, looked at the snow, then at Pencil and exclaimed, "Where did you get it? I'm all out of dry ice, and the ice-cream's melting. Then I heard them shouting, 'Snow! Real snow!'"

She set her box down in the snow with a crunch. Then she took out three ice-cream pops wrapped in silver foil and handed one each to Pencil, Screwbolt and Brummy. "Here you are, my dears, and don't be shy."

If the ice-cream vendor had only known what trouble Pencil and Screwbolt would get into on account of those ice-cream pops, she never would have treated Pencil to ice-cream.

However, she had no way of knowing what would happen. Pencil gobbled up his pop and licked the stick.



CHAPTER 12

In which Venya Kashkin breaks a window

Venya Kashkin and his gang were coming down the boulevard. They reached the snow patch and the next moment snowballs were sailing through the air.

"You bandits!" an old lady cried as a snowball whizzed by her head. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Are they bandits?" Pencil was about to say, when a snowball hit him in the mouth.

"This is terrible!" the passers-by said. "This snowball fight should be stopped immediately!"

"Let's get out of here," Pencil said, wiping his neck where some snow had got under his collar.

But Brummy had no intention of going anywheres. He had made a snowball and was just about to dash towards the boys when Screwbolt grabbed him by the sleeve.

"I don't want to go home!" Brummy howled.

He struggled and kicked, his eyes blazed as he looked at the boys, but Screwbolt had a good hold on him.

"Don't play with them! They're bad boys!" Screwbolt was saying. "Come on, it's time we started making your boat."

At the word "boat" Brummy stopped struggling, even though the snowball fight was still on.

Venya Kashkin swung hard. Another snowball sailed through the air.

CRASH! TINKLE!

His snowball had hit a nearby window.

"I knew it! You horrible boy!" an angry voice said from another window. "I just knew it! I warned you! Other people

have normal children, but this one's head is full of books about the war. He races around with a gun like a bandit and plays war all day, every day! He doesn't do anything else! Nothing! He's simply a good-for-nothing!"

The window slammed shut. There was one last tinkle from a shattered piece of glass.

CHAPTER 13

In which Brummy gets lost

Screwbolt brought Brummy home. Then he set out the tools Pencil had drawn for him and got down to making a boat.

He planed the boards, he sawed them, he drilled holes and hammered away and sang his happy song:

*I will do everything myself,
Let miracles stay on the shelf!
Myself! Myself! Myself!*

"Myself, myself, myself!" Brummy sang along with him.

Then Screwbolt began sorting out the bolts and nuts, the springs and wheels he needed to make a little motor for the boat.

"It's a wonder!" Pencil said as he watched the boat taking shape.

Screwbolt set the motor in place, then he laid a deck over it, adjusted the masts and the screw and said, "Here it is!"

It was a magnificent boat. It had two tall masts with rope ladders, a wheel, lifeboats on the deck, cabins with portholes



and a bridge. The shiny anchor, no bigger than a fishing hook, was attached to a slim chain.

"You're a real magician!" Pencil said. "I could never make a boat like that!"

"A real magician!" Brummy shouted, jumping up and down. "Give me the boat! I want to sail it!"

"Will you get your feet wet again?" Screwbolt asked. "Brrr! Don't even go near any puddles!"

"I'll go with him," said Pencil. "I'm not afraid of water."

"Yes, you do that. There's no water around anyway, everything has dried up by now," Screwbolt added to himself.

So Pencil and Brummy set out, humming Screwbolt's happy song.

"Ice-cream! Ice-cream!" the ice-cream vendors shouted. "Ice-cream will cool you off better than anything else!"

When Pencil heard the words "ice-cream" his eyes lit up. Then he sighed and said to himself, "She must be a fairy. A good fairy who gave me some ice-cream. There's nothing more delicious than ice-cream in the whole world."

Pencil did not hear the announcement over the public address system, even though it was very, very loud. This is what the announcer said: "Attention, please! There will be a model ship race on Big Swan Pond at the Zoo in thirty minutes from now. Will all the contestants please assemble at the pond."

"Yes, she really is a fairy!" Pencil mumbled, and did not notice that Brummy was no longer walking beside him.

Boys carrying model ships were hurrying down the street. They spotted Brummy and shouted, "Hey! Look at his ship! Hey! Come on over here!"

Brummy and the boys ran across the street towards the large iron gate guarded by two stone lions. There was a big sign over the gate. It read:

Z O O

**LIVE ELEPHANTS!
HUGE CROCODILES!
FIERCE TIGERS!
ROARING LIONS!
POISONOUS SNAKES!**

WELCOME, CHILDREN!

Admittance ten kopecks

CHILDREN WITH MODEL SHIPS FREE

Brummy skipped through the gates.

CHAPTER 14

In which Brummy is really lost

"Where's Brummy?" Pencil cried. "I hope he isn't lost again!" He ran down the street, stopping people on the way to ask, "Have you seen Brummy?" They all shrugged. No one had seen him.

Pencil was feeling very depressed when he got home. "Did Brummy come back?" he asked the minute he opened the door.

"What have you done?" Screwbolt demanded. "Where's Brummy? You can't be trusted with him for a second!"

They both dashed out into the street again, but neither of them knew where to look for Brummy.

Boys carrying model ships were coming towards them. They were all going to the Zoo, where the two stone lions guarded the gates.

"Have you seen a boy with a boat?"

"Everyone who has a model ship will be at the boat race today," the boys said. "It'll start very soon!"

"Perhaps he's gone to the race," Pencil and Screwbolt thought. But it was no easy job getting through the gates.

"You have no boats? And no tickets?" the gate-keeper said. "Will you please get your tickets at the box office."

"We don't have any money," Screwbolt was about to say, but didn't. He peeped in at the window. The cashier was sorting blue tickets. She looked very hot.

"What a day!" she said and sighed.

Screwbolt scratched the top of his head, like people sometimes do when they're trying to think of something.

"I know!" he said to his sad-looking friend. "Draw two ice-cream pops!"

Pencil drew the pops in a flash. But he made a mistake and drew three instead of two. Screwbolt never noticed. He took two pops from Pencil and walked up to the window, while Pencil gobbled up the third one.

"Are you hot, lady?" he asked. "I've brought you some ice-cream. Here!"

"Oh, what a nice surprise! How kind of you. Here are two tickets for you. Thank you ever so much!" she said.

Just before she closed the window she hung a little sign outside it. It read:

CLOSED FOR FIVE MINUTES

Pencil and Screwbolt dashed off to look for Brummy.

Meanwhile, Venya Kashkin walked up to the Zoo gate. He looked very angry.

Venya had no money for a ticket. He had broken a window. That meant no pocket money for ice-cream or the movies, or the Zoo. Venya was dying to get in and see the boat race. But he didn't have a model ship, either. It was a difficult situation. No boat and no money for a ticket.

Venya scowled at the boys. Then he spotted a small boy he knew whose name was Timmy. He was holding a little boat.

"Hey, Timmy!" Venya shouted. "Gimme your boat! And hurry! They'll let you in without a ticket. They let small kids like you in free."

"I won't!" Timmy said bravely.

"What! Wait till I get you!"

"I'll tell my daddy! He's getting his ticket now. See?"

Timmy's father came up to them. "What does this bully want?"

Venya put on an innocent face and said in a disgustingly sweet voice, "Ha-ha, I was only fooling. It was a joke. Ha-ha."

Timmy's father looked at Venya closely and said to himself, "I didn't know this boy could speak in two different voices, I wouldn't put it past him to snatch some little boy's boat. Well, I think he'll be less of a menace coming in with us. One more ticket, please," Timmy's father said to the lady.

CHAPTER 15

*In which there are an elephant, a tiger,
a lion cub and sailboats*

"Where's Brummy?" the two friends wondered anxiously as they raced around the Zoo. "What if he decided to climb into a cage with one of the wild animals?"

Screwbolt and Pencil stopped by every cage and enclosure. Brummy was not in the elephant's enclosure.

The tiger did not notice them. It was pacing up and down in its cage, thinking.

A lion was lying on the floor of its cage, its head on its paws.

"Poor thing," Screwbolt said. "He looks so lonely. I wish I could pat him."

Pencil felt sorry for the lion, too. He thought of something and drew a tiny lion cub, no bigger than a kitten.

The cub crawled through the bars and into the cage. The lion was overjoyed, because babies are always a joy to those who are lonely.

"Attention, please!" the loudspeakers blared. "The annual boat race will soon begin on Big Swan Pond. Hurry, hurry!"

Venya Kashkin, Timmy and Timmy's father were walking down one of the walks. "We're late," Timmy's father said.

Timmy was carrying his wooden boat. Screwbolt, who knew all about boats, couldn't help admiring it. It was made of a small plank with a stick in the middle for a mast and a piece of white paper for a sail.

The word "TIMMY" was written on the side of the boat in blue letters.

"Who made that fine boat?" Screwbolt asked politely.

"Me."



"Why is it called 'TIMMY'?"

"Because that's me. I'm Timmy," the boy said proudly.

Screwbolt was about to say something else, but by then they had reached Big Swan Pond. The crowd there was growing, with children running up from all sides. A brass band was playing a marching song and real Navy signal flags were fluttering in the breeze. A real captain in a white tunic stood on the bridge that had been set up near the water. He was watching the boats on the pond through a pair of binoculars, just as if they were real ships sailing on real waves.

But Screwbolt and Timmy could not see anything over the heads of the crowd.

"This boy has a boat, too. He made it himself," a man said, pointing at Timmy. "Let him through, everybody! Here's a boy who's taking part in the race!"

"Let him through!" the people said.

Timmy made his way over to the water's edge. His father, Screwbolt and Venya Kashkin followed him.

A mighty fleet was anchored on the pond. There were steamers, ice-breakers, submarines, and a whole flotilla of sailboats. The wind ruffled the sails, but the ships were moored fast by ropes made of sewing thread.

All the boys were watching the sailboats enviously. At any moment the captains would appear and shout: "Anchors aweigh!"

The wind would fill out the sails, and the ships would set off for distant shores, where white gulls soared over the sea, and the waves rolled up on desert islands.

Steamships also ply the seas, taking passengers to distant ports, but they never sail to desert islands. Sailboats do. They'll find an island for every boy.



That's why all boys like to watch the white sails of a sailboat. "Anchors aweigh!" the captain at the bridge ordered. Grown-ups also like sailing ships.

CHAPTER 16

In which everyone praises Screwbolt

At the captain's order the boys untied the mooring-ropes.

The steamers blew their whistles, the little boats shuddered and began their journey across the still waters of the pond. Men with red armbands were waiting at the other side. They looked at their watches and clocked each boat's time.

"If I ever get to be a magician," said Venya Kashkin, "I'll make one of the sailboats big, and I'll sail across the sea on it. I'll stand on the bridge and give orders to the crew."

"Sailing the seas is a fine thing," said Timmy's father, "But one has to be very bold and brave to do so."

"I'm brave!"

"Well, well!" Timmy's father said, not unkindly, "I see you like to boast. First, try to make your own model ship."

"That's not interesting. I can buy one. I want a real one."

"Look! Look! Someone's boat is ahead of the rest!" Timmy shouted.

"That's my boat!" Screwbolt exclaimed. "That means Brummy's someplace near here."

"Is that your boat?" a man in the crowd asked.

"Yes," the little iron man replied. Everyone looked at him respectfully.

"You're a real craftsman! May I shake your hand?" said Timmy's father.

Screwbolt's ship was heading very quickly to the far side of the pond, having overtaken the gleaming steamers, the submarines and the ice-breakers. It was about to overtake the fastest of the ships, but the sailboats were in the way. Suddenly, the ship changed its course. It seemed as if there were tiny sailors, a captain and a helmsman inside the ship. It circled the sailboats, rocked on the waves and set out to overtake the swift, jet-propelled cutters.

The ship was getting closer and closer!

Soon it was out in front, with the entire fleet behind it! Screwbolt's ship finished first. It slowed down, dropped anchor all by itself and stopped. A tiny flag went up the mast.

CHAPTER 17

In which Brummy becomes famous

"Whose boat came in first?" the sea captain wanted to know.

"Whose boat is it?" the people in the crowd who were far away from Screwbolt asked.

The announcer said: "Attention, please! Will the person who made Ship No. 1 come up to the captain's bridge where the winner will collect his prizes."

"Some people have all the luck," Venya Kashkin muttered.

"Congratulations! My son and I are very pleased to have made your acquaintance," Timmy's father said and shook Screwbolt's hand again. "Hurry to the captain's bridge. They're waiting for you."

"Let him through! Make way for the shipbuilder!" people in the crowd said.

Screwbolt had never felt so good before. He fairly gleamed with joy. People parted to let him through.

All of a sudden a high-pitched voice shouted, "It's my boat! It's mine!" and Brummy ran up the steps to the captain's bridge.

"It's Brummy!" Screwbolt cried happily, and all his springs jingled.

"It's my boat," Brummy said when he was on the bridge. "Can I have my presents now?"

They were lying on the table in a row: a big box of toys, a box of candy and a box of cookies.

"What's your name?" the captain asked.

"Brummy Pencilton."

"Are you a schoolboy? Or are you still too young for school? Who are you?"

"Brummy's a very clever boy!"

"Did you make this boat all by yourself? The winner can only be the one who has made his own boat. Is that clear? ALL BY HIMSELF."

Brummy looked first at the new toys and the sweets, then at the captain and said, "Yes, I made it all by myself!"

"You also get a special award," the captain said. "You are awarded the title of Young Technician. Congratulations!" He shook Brummy's hand and then saluted.

The band played another march, and all the children cheered and clapped. Timmy's father looked at Screwbolt and shook his head reproachfully.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," a man standing nearby said. "You tried to take the credit for a boy's good work."

"How awful!" people were saying.

Screwbolt jingled his springs unhappily.

"He's a liar! What he needs is a good thrashing!" Venya Kashkin muttered.

Photographers crowded round the captain's bridge. There were reporters, too. Everyone wanted to interview the winner. He was given free tickets to the best films and was invited to children's parties. The Palace of Young Technicians sent its representative to invite the winner to be their guest for two whole weeks!

A big helicopter stopped in the air over the bridge. There were large letters painted on its side that read:

GREETINGS TO THE WINNER!

"Brummy Pencilton has been invited to go sightseeing over the city in a helicopter!" came the announcement over the radio.

A rope ladder was lowered over the side. The captain picked up the happy boy and handed him over to the pilot.

"Brummy! Brummy! We looked everywhere for you!" Screwbolt called sadly.

But the boy did not notice the little iron man. The helicopter was carrying him off into the bright blue sky.

"Oh, Pencil, why did you ever draw a boy?" Screwbolt sighed. He also suddenly wondered where Pencil could be.

Where was Pencil all this time? We forgot all about him!

"Here's a pencil," Timmy said and pulled a blue pencil from his pocket. He was a kind boy.

"No, that's not what I meant. Pencil is gone!" Screwbolt darted out of the crowd and dashed off to the right, then off to the left.

"Pencil! Pen-cil!" he shouted. "Yoo-hoo! Pencil!"

"Cough! Cough!" There was Pencil, sitting on one of the big park benches.

"Wheeze-cough-wheeze!" Pencil sounded very guilty. What he had wanted to say was, "Here I am!" Wooden ice-cream pop-sticks were scattered on the ground under the bench.

"What have you done!" Screwbolt shouted angrily. "You've frozen your throat! How much ice-cream have you had? How could you have been so stupid?"

"Choke! Cough! Wheeze!" Pencil said hoarsely. He was trying to say, "I drew them. It was an accident. I won't do it again." But his throat was so frozen he had lost his voice completely.

"What he needs is a glass of hot milk. Hot milk is very good for colds," said an old man who was passing by.

"Let's go home you horrible, terrible, awful old Pencil!" Screwbolt shouted and stamped his foot.

Pencil sighed and followed him, past the elephant who was shaking its head. Was it saying, "Tsk! Tsk!"?

The lion did not notice them. It was busy playing cat-and-mouse with the cub.

The next day there was a notice in the papers about the cub. It read:

"INCIDENT AT THE ZOO

"A tiny lion cub appeared in the lion's cage yesterday. The cub drinks milk and weighs one kilogram. Zoologists are watching its development."

CHAPTER 18

In which Pencil does a very dangerous thing

Screwbolt brought Pencil home and put him to bed. He should have called an ambulance, but there was no telephone in the house.

Poor Pencil was getting worse and worse. The little magician had a high fever, but he felt cold. He shook and shivered, and his teeth chattered.

Screwbolt pulled the blinds and put a heavy blanket on Pencil. But it didn't help.

Evening had fallen, then night came. It was very dark and very quiet inside the house. The only sound was made by Pencil's teeth chattering.

Screwbolt decided to gather some dry leaves for the stove. He went outside for them. There was no one on the boulevard. Everyone was long since asleep.

"Silly Pencil," Screwbolt grumbled as he ran up and down the walks. "Why couldn't he have drawn an electric stove! Silly Pencil!"

He didn't really mean to sound angry. He was very, very upset and so, in order not to cry, he pretended to be mad.

Meanwhile, Pencil lay in the dark room. He was delirious. When someone who is sick is delirious, he gets everything mixed up.

"Two times two is seven," Pencil mumbled. "Three times three is five. Seven times seven is nine. . . ."

Someone who is that sick may get up out of bed without really knowing what he is doing. Pencil got up and stumbled towards the wall, where he began to draw. He didn't know what he was drawing:



"Seven times seven is five..." Pencil mumbled as he began to draw.

Screwbolt! Where are you? Don't let Pencil draw anything when he's that sick!

But Screwbolt had gathered an armful of leaves and was now carrying it home. He certainly couldn't run with such a load.

Meanwhile, Pencil had drawn a picture of a terrible pirate with a huge curved knife and two pistols stuck into his belt. The pirate was waving a black flag, like in Venya Kashkin's drawing.

The pirate on the wall winked at Pencil, rolled up his pirate flag and stuck it into his pocket. Pencil had not noticed a thing. He was very sick. Then he drew a picture of a spy in a grey raincoat with the collar turned up. He had on a black mask.

After that he drew a blot that looked like a dog. Exactly as Venya Kashkin had done.

Screwbolt came in, rustling his armload of leaves. He dropped them on the floor and led Pencil back to bed.

"Two times two is five!" Pencil shouted, waving his arms about. "Give Venya Kashkin some ice-cream! Give him some ice-cream!"

Poor Pencil!

Screwbolt never noticed the two shadows that slipped off the wall and out of the open door to the dark boulevard. A small shadow that looked like a dog scampered after them.

The trees rustled darkly on the boulevard. Screwbolt shut the door and lit the stove. A warm glow filled the room. The leaves crackled in the stove, the flames jumped up sending flashes of light onto the walls.

Pencil finally fell asleep.

Screwbolt sat by the stove, sighing deeply, saying, "Poor Pencil! Poor, poor Pencil!" Over and over again.

CHAPTER 19

In which the night robbers make their appearance

The street lights weren't on.

That night two small men whom nobody knew and one small dog that nobody knew ran down the streets, turning to look back over their shoulders, darting down the dark lanes.

"Bong! Bong! Bong!" went the clock on the town square.

"Bow-wow!" said the dog that nobody knew.

"Scat!" said one of the men that nobody knew. The one with a bristly red beard, a huge curved knife and two pistols stuck into his belt.

"W-w-where are w-w-we g-g-going, m-m-most honour-rr-able sir?" the other man, who had on a grey raincoat, asked. He couldn't run any farther, for he was all out of breath.

"They're probably hot on our trail!" the bearded man said in a terrible whisper.

"I don't think anyone's after us." The man in the raincoat stopped. The bearded man also stopped. They looked around and listened, but could not hear a sound.

"That's strange," said the bearded man. "Nobody is after us. We're robbers, but no one is chasing us! Things like this never happen in books!"

"I'm not a robber," the man in the raincoat said in a hurt voice. "I'm an honest spy! My name is Keyhole."

"Humph! There's no difference between a robber and a spy. The only difference is, you're an ordinary robber, while I'm a pirate. I'm the famous Captain Gurgle! The terror of the seas!"



"Pleased to meet you, most honourable pirate," Keyhole the spy said, watching his new acquaintance fearfully.

If anyone could have heard them talking he would have wondered, because both the pirate and the spy had the same voice. The voice they shared was the voice of Venya Kashkin!

However, there was a small difference. Captain Gurgle spoke in the voice Venya used for talking to boys who were smaller than he, while Keyhole spoke in the voice Venya used when he tried to wheedle something out of his mother, or tried to convince her that mice, and not he, had eaten the cookies in the cookie jar.

There are people who have two voices.

"Grrrr!" said the shaggy dog. It was saying, "You've forgotten about me!"

"And here's our faithful snapping mutt Inkblot! Come here, mutt!" Captain Gurgle said. "Which means the gang, I mean the team, is assembled. I'm the captain of this outfit, and I'll be giving the orders from now on. Anyone objects to that?"

Naturally, no one did.

"Fine! Just as I thought. And now, since I'm feeling bored, let's go and rob someone."

"What for?" Keyhole asked timidly.

"Stupid! Did you ever hear of robbers that didn't rob people? Things like that never happen in books!"

"What if we get caught?"

"I'm not afraid! I'm brave! After me, friend! One-two! One-two! One-two!"

The robbers were off on the high road.

CHAPTER 20

In which Screwbolt tries to get some hot milk for Pencil

Screwbolt filled the stove with dry leaves and tip-toed over to Pencil's bed.

Pencil was tossing about in his sleep.

"What he needs is some hot milk. That will make him well. I don't know how to draw milk. But I'll try to think of something." Screwbolt thought as he tucked Pencil in again and then left the house feeling very bad.

Dawn was breaking. At night the trees had seemed black, but now they were a greyish-blue and were turning greener as it got lighter. The panes in the windows of the houses began to glitter.

Screwbolt stood in the middle of the square, not knowing which way to turn. He hadn't been able to think of anything yet.

The square, the streets leading from it and the cool morning air all smelled of freshly baked bread. Hot bread has a wonderful smell!

The two night robbers appeared at the far end of the square. Screwbolt did not notice them. Neither did they notice him.

The robbers stopped in their tracks. The pirate breathed in deeply. The spy sniffed the air. "Oh, am I hungry," he groaned.

"Smells good," the pirate muttered, and something in his stomach churned. "I could eat a fried shark whole, bones and all! That's how hungry I am!"

"Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong!" went the clock in the tower. The trees were all green now. Pigeons awoke on the rooftops, under the eaves and on the balconies. They flapped their wings and flew down to the square, covering it like a blanket.

A big truck rolled into the square. It looked like a railway car. Even after it had stopped the pigeons paid no attention to it. They had taken up the road and had no intention of getting out of the way.

The truck rumbled angrily as the pigeons strutted right under its wheels. Then an angry man hopped out of the cab and waved and clapped his hands at them.

The pigeons flew off lazily. The man walked on ahead, waving his arms. The truck followed him slowly across the square.

It stopped outside a large confectionary and pastry shop, where the doors were open day and night. At night trucks delivered pastries, chocolates and other sweets to the shop. Then, from morning till closing time, happy customers carried home the pastries, chocolates and other sweets.

The truck smelled of vanilla, just like a good cake. Delivery men opened the back doors of the truck and began carrying crates into the shop.

The two robbers sneaked up on the men. One led the way. The other hurried along behind him. He wasn't sneaking up as fast as the first one. Inkblot was sneaking up beside him.

"Go over to them and say, 'Hands up!'," the first robber whispered. "I'll be standing here. As soon as you scare them, I'll jump out and start robbing them. Go on!"

"I c-c-can't! I'm not v-very s-s-strong!" the other robber chattered. "They won't even believe me. You say 'Hands up!' and I'll be standing here."

"You say it first!" the first robber hissed.

"I'll s-say it n-n-next," the other whined.

"Out of the way, fellows," a delivery man said to the robbers. He probably did not guess who they were. "You're in the way. You boys should be in your beds at this hour. Go on home."



"Hands up!" the first robber shouted as he rushed towards the man.

"Can't you hear him? Hands up!" the second robber squeaked from where he was hiding around the corner.

"I've no time to play with you," the man said and laughed without even turning round.

He pulled a crate from the truck.

"Hands up!" the first robber shouted again.

The man turned and accidentally brushed the robber with the crate, tossing him aside. His beard swept the pavement like a broom. The delivery man turned around, but saw no one, because the robber was sitting on the road around the corner. The other robber and a shaggy dog were peeping out of a trash can, and both of them were whimpering and shivering from fright. The man carried the crate into the shop and came out for another. He bumped into Screwbolt, who was standing by the truck.

"Was that you shouting?" the man asked.

"No. Can I help you carry the crates?" Screwbolt said helpfully.

"Thanks, sonny," the man said. "I'll manage. These crates are a bit heavy for you."

CHAPTER 21

In which pigeons aren't afraid of trucks

The delivery man did not know why Screwbolt was wandering about the city so sadly at such an early hour. He did not know that poor, sick Pencil needed hot milk and bread.

Screwbolt was about to tell the delivery man about his problem, when trucks started rolling into the square from all sides.

The pigeons were again covering every inch of the road.

Angry men in white smocks got out of the trucks and began waving their arms about and shouting, "Whoosh! Whoosh!"

But the pigeons kept flying over the square, settling on the road and blocking the way again the moment the men stopped waving and shouting.

"Bakeries will be opening soon. I won't have the time to deliver the bread!" one of the men said.

"The children will soon wake up. But their mothers won't be able to buy them milk, because I won't be at the dairies on time," another man said.

"I spend so much time chasing pigeons out of the way that I'm held up every day and never deliver my fish on time," said a third.

"I'm delivering sausages," a fourth man said in a hoarse voice. "My throat hurts from shouting 'Whoosh! Whoosh!' I'm tired of waving my arms like a windmill. The pigeons aren't afraid of anyone. And they don't pay any attention to the traffic lights."

"This has to stop!" all the others shouted. "We must think of something. There have been articles in the papers, but no one can think of anything. What shall we do?"

"I've thought of something!" Screwbolt shouted.

"Who's that? Who said that?" everyone wanted to know.

"He's probably an inventor," the bakery man said. "I've been watching him. He's been standing here, thinking about something all this time."

"I know!" Screwbolt said. "You won't have to wave your arms about and shout 'Whoosh! Whoosh!' any more. Just give

me some wire and sticks, a saw, a hammer, a screw-driver, some screws, a pair of pliers and some rags. I'll show you what to do."

"I have a load of laths," the carpenter said. "Take as many as you need. And I'll help you make whatever it is we're going to make."

"I have my tools here," the plumber said. "And I'll help, too."

"I'll give you the wire," the electrician said.

"And I have a lot of remnants," the weaver said.

"Everyone will help!" all the others said, taking off their smocks.

The next day the following article appeared in the paper:

"AN UNUSUAL INVENTION

"Yesterday morning an unknown but talented designer invented a device which every driver has been dreaming of for so long. Now we can all drive through the city without worrying about running over a pigeon. A special waver will be affixed to every vehicle. The city has been talking of nothing but the new waver. It is made of a stick attached by means of two wires to the windshield-wipers. Several rags are tied to the end of the stick. When the windshield-wipers are turned on, they bring the stick into motion by pulling the wires left and right, which, in turn, waves the rags at the end of the stick. Engineers are amazed at the simplicity of the invention.

"Unfortunately, in all the confusion no one noted the inventor's name. This is really unpardonable!"

However, all this appeared in the paper the following day. Meanwhile, Screwbolt was running back and forth from truck



to truck, giving directions, helping and advising. The project was completed in half an hour. Everyone thanked Screwbolt. They shook his hand and invited him to visit them at home.

The bakery man brought him some fresh buns and a large loaf of bread. "This is for you," he said.

The milkman brought him a large can of milk and some butter and a round cheese. The man who delivered fish brought him a carp. The man who delivered sausages brought him some links. "You're a great inventor!" he croaked in his hoarse voice. The vegetable man brought him two pineapples. The man from the confectionary shop brought him some candy and pastries. The plumber gave Screwbolt a little wagon for all his presents. Screwbolt thanked them one and all. However, he refused to accept the ice-cream the ice-cream man gave him. The man was very hurt.

"See that?" the pirate said, swallowing hard. "Look at all the grub they've given him. Some people have all the luck! And what did we get out of it? Nothing!"

"They might have at least thrown a crust our way," Keyhole whined, though he had stolen some fresh buns and had them hidden under his raincoat. He was whining on purpose, so that he wouldn't have to share the buns with the pirate. They were still so hot they burned his side, but Keyhole the spy didn't mind.

The trucks, which were now equipped with wavers, continued happily on their way. The bakery man was the last to leave the square, because he was looking for his white smock. It was gone. Keyhole had stolen it. He had stolen the plumber's screw-driver. Just in case.

Maybe he had sticky fingers and things that didn't belong to him just stuck to them.

CHAPTER 22

In which terrible things begin to happen

Screwbolt piled his presents into his wagon and started out slowly for home. The wagon was heavy. He huffed and puffed, straining hard to keep it rolling.

"Scoundrel!" Captain Gurgle growled. "He's getting away, and I can't even rob him! No self-respecting bandit robs people in broad daylight. Things like that never happen in books!"

Keyhole kept his eyes on Screwbolt. An impossible plan was taking shape in his small head. Finally, he whispered, "I think I've thought of something that's so . . . so . . ." and he looked around to see if anyone was watching.

"Well? What is it?" the pirate asked impatiently. He, too, was now speaking in a whisper.

"We have to snatch Pencil and make him. . ." the spy looked around, "and make him draw us anything we want. We won't have to invent wavers, we won't have to lug heavy crates. We won't have to do anything! And we'll have everything we want! Pencil will draw it for us! Anything we want!"

"Hooray!" Captain Gurgle bellowed and then clapped his hand over his mouth.

"Hooray!" he then whispered. "I'll make him draw us a ship. Who ever heard of a pirate without a ship? I'll have a ship with huge cannons! I'll sail the seven seas on it! There'll be salt meat in the hold and barrels of wine. And then. . ." Captain Gurgle had to stop for breath. "And he'll draw me more ships, and I'll rob them! Ahhh! And set them on fire! And sink them! He'll draw me a ship, and I'll rob it! He'll draw me another, and I'll rob that one, too! One after another!"

"Grrr-rufff!" said Inkblot. He meant, "I'll make him draw me good bones. One after another, one after another!"

"You're the greatest bandit after me!" Captain Gurgle cried and threw his arm around Keyhole fondly.

The hot buns stuck to the spy's side.

"Help!" he yelped.

The buns fell to the ground. Inkblot swallowed one whole.

"So?" the pirate growled, looking first at the buns and then at the spy's unhappy face. "Hiding things from me, are you?" He pulled his pistol from his belt and aimed it at the spy's long, trembling nose. "If you ever try to put anything over on me again, I'll shoot you dead! I'm forgiving you this time. But your assignment is to go to their house and find a way to kidnap Pencil."

"B-b-but I'm sc-sc-scared! I'm t-t-too lit-t-tle! Keyhole whined.

"Silence!" the chief bandit roared. "Get a move on before that iron scarecrow Screwbolt gets his wagon home."

CHAPTER 23

In which a strange doctor comes to see Pencil

A doctor in a white coat was coming towards the small house hidden among the bushes on Cool Blue Boulevard. No one knew who had sent for him. No one knew who had told him about Pencil's illness.

The doctor had a long thin nose and an unhappy face. He kept looking over his shoulder and stopping to listen for something. He darted into the bushes and then peered out. Then he

tip-toed up to the door and looked around again. He ran round the house, peeped in the window and darted inside.

Pencil was sound asleep.

"Hee-hee," the doctor said and rubbed his hands. "So this is where that wretch Pencil is! While your jumping man is trudging home, we'll get you, hee-hee, cured. We'll take you out into the fresh air and hide you, hee-hee."

The doctor was very pleased. He took out a towel and tied it over Pencil's mouth. He bound his hands and feet and began pulling him off the bed. Just then the front door slammed and Screwbolt entered. Someone had helped him home with the wagon. That is why he was back so soon. The doctor was too startled to speak.

"Who are you?" Screwbolt asked.

"I'm a sp-sp-doctor," the doctor babbled, trying to find a way to escape. "I'm a very wise doctor!"

"Who told you Pencil was sick?"

"We al-always know ev-ev-everything."

"What are you doing?"

"Silly boy!" the doctor said more boldly. "I'm treating him."

"May I have a look?"

"Certainly not! Run along and play. I'll call you later, tee-hee."

"I won't be in your way. I'll be very quiet."

"You brainless, rusty spring!" the doctor hissed.

"Why is he tied up?"

"Don't you know that sick people aren't supposed to talk or move? And don't bother me with your stupid questions! If you really care about him, go for his medicine. And hurry! Otherwise our sweet, darling, itsy-bitsy Pencil will die, and he'll never, never eat the pastry you brought him."

Every spring in Screwbolt's body shook.

"What's the name of the medicine? Tell me quick!"

"Hm. . . . Now let me see. . . . Why, you ask for . . . um . . . Boppledoopedledap."

"It must be a very rare kind of medicine," Screwbolt said to himself. "Only very wise doctors must know about it. Boppledoopedledap," he repeated as he hurried along the street.

He turned the corner and crashed into a man with a flaming red beard and a jacket that was buttoned up to his neck. The bearded man was stuffing a fresh bun into his mouth.

"Curses!" he said. "How dare you attack an honest citizen?"

"Pardon me. It was an accident."

Screwbolt thought the bearded man looked familiar. "I'm sure I saw him someplace before," he said to himself. Thinking about the bearded man had made him forget the name of the medicine.

"Oh, dear! Dimple . . . dimple. . ." he mumbled, trying to remember. "You wouldn't happen to know the name of the medicine, would you?" he asked the bearded man.

"Which medicine? Who cares about your stupid medicine?"

Screwbolt turned around and dashed back home. Do you think he had become suspicious? Not a bit! He just wanted to ask the doctor to repeat the name to him again.

"Wait!" the bearded man shouted. He couldn't let Screwbolt go back to the little house. "What was it you said?"

Screwbolt kept on running as fast as he could.

"Stop! Don't go home! Stop! I know a good riddle! Stop! I'll tell you a story! A very scary story!"

Suddenly a whistle shrilled. A militiaman was blocking the bearded man's way. "You're jay-walking. There's no crossing here," he said.

"I'm from out of town," Screwbolt heard the bearded man say. "I won't do it any more. Honest, I won't."

Screwbolt ran up to the front door and opened it softly. He felt very embarrassed about having forgotten the name of the medicine.

The doctor had not heard him enter. He was grunting and puffing, trying to throw Pencil's bound body over his shoulder.

Screwbolt finally realised what was happening. He shouted, grabbed an iron poker and brought it down with a crash on the very wise doctor's head. The doctor let out a howl and dropped Pencil. You should have seen him run! In no time he had overtaken four trolley-buses, two motorcycles, six bicycles, one automobile and four trucks!

"Look at him go!" children in the street shouted.

A bearded man saw the fleeing doctor and said, "We've been nailed!" Then he dashed off after him but could not catch up with him until they had reached the city limits.

That was when Screwbolt finally recalled where he had seen their faces before.

On Venya Kashkin's drawing!

CHAPTER 24

In which Screwbolt and Pencil go looking for Brummy

Screwbolt was about to untie his friend when Pencil opened one eye, then the other and blinked, as if to ask, "Why did you tie me up?"

"Shhh! Don't talk now," Screwbolt said. "Promise me you won't talk. I'll untie you if you do."

"Mmmm. . ." Pencil said, which meant, "I promise."

Screwbolt untied him. Then he lit the stove and boiled some milk in the tea kettle. He poured the hot milk into a cup and made Pencil drink it. Then he gave him another cupful! And another. Three cups of hot milk.

"Now say ahhhh."

"Ahhhh."

"Say ooohh."

"Ooohh."

"Say eeeee."

"Eeeee." Pencil said and stuck his tongue out at Screwbolt.

"That's enough! I'm well! Nothing hurts me. I even dreamed that we were in an airplane and that we crashed and broke into a million pieces. What a dream!"

"Are you sure you're all right?"

"Sure!"

Screwbolt pulled him out of bed. Then they both skipped around the room, singing:

*Doctor, doctor, go away,
Don't come back another day!*

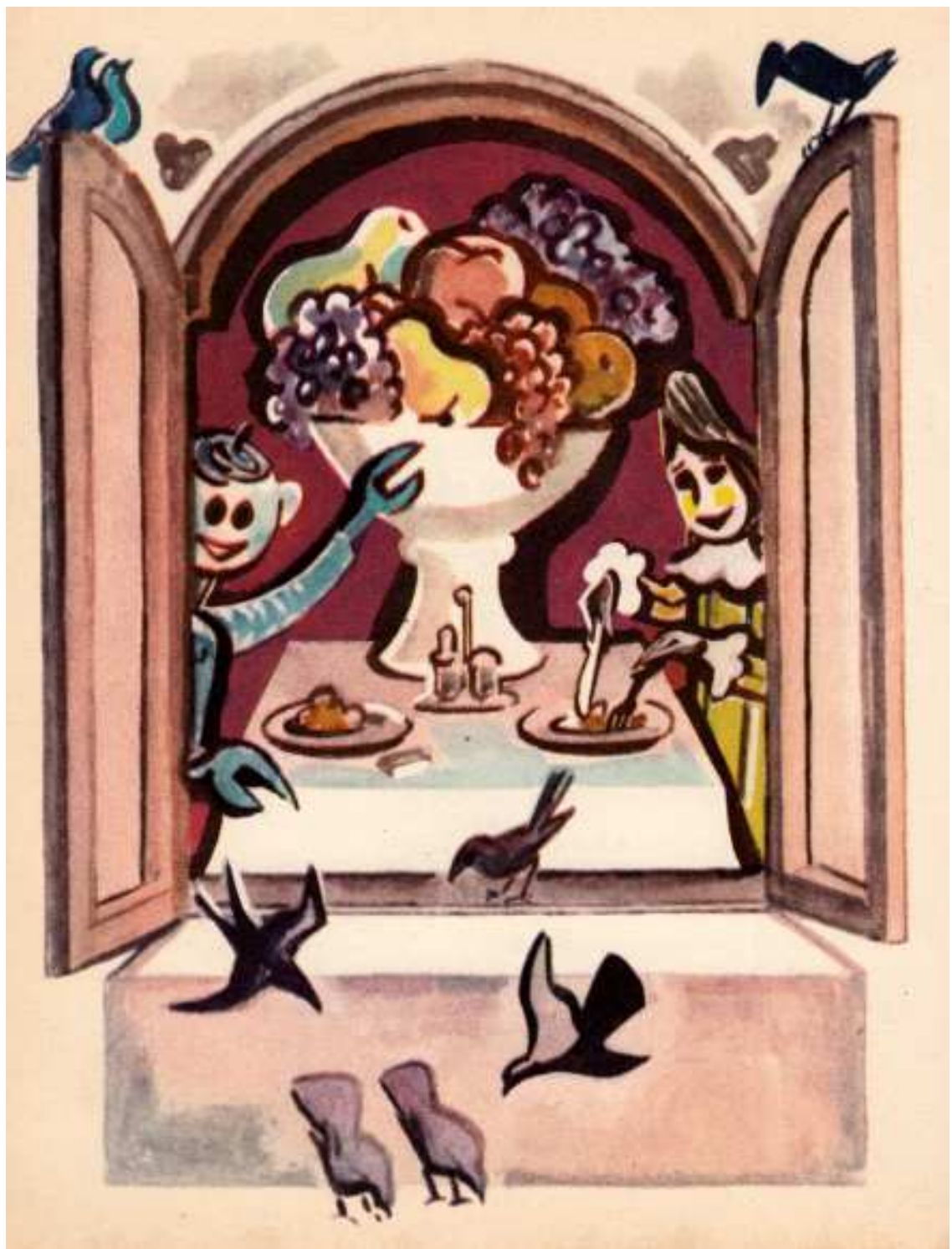
After that they had a feast fit for a king.

"Where's Brummy?" Pencil asked. "You must have let the child run off to play with big boys. Call him back. He doesn't know what fine pastries we have."

Screwbolt's face became sad. He stopped laughing. His springs jingled sadly.

Pencil was very surprised. "What's wrong? Are you sick?"

"No, I'm well. I just feel sad."



And then he told Pencil the unhappy story of how Brummy had become a Young Technician.

When he was through Pencil said, "We'll find him. We can't let Brummy grow up to be a liar! Come on, Screwbolt!"

CHAPTER 25

In which the robbers get hold of the ponies

Captain Gurgle grabbed the tail of the doctor's white coat, bringing the fleet-footed man to a halt. There was a huge black-and-blue bump on the very wise doctor's forehead. He took off his white coat and was no longer a doctor. He tore the white coat into strips which he used to bandage his head, so that no one would see his awful bump.

"You should be proud of yourself," the pirate sneered. "You're a real hero! You couldn't even put down those two scrawny fools!"

"You try fighting that iron scarecrow!"

"So what? I don't mind a good fight."

"We all know how brave you are," Keyhole muttered.

"Say that again."

"I said you're the bravest. . . . Ouch! Curses on that iron scarecrow!"

"Don't worry, we'll find them. Those scribbly pencils won't get away from us! I swear by a dead shark that they won't!"

"Wait till I get my hands on him! I'll unscrew every screw in his body! I'll pull out every spring! I'll saw him to pieces! I'll. . . . Ow, it hurts!"

"Onward!" Captain Gurgle said. "We'll find them! We'll catch them! We'll unscrew them! Lead the way, Inkblot, you doggy mutt! I can't wait to get my hands on those. . . ."

The pirate was about to say who he couldn't wait to get his hands on when he suddenly spotted two fine-looking ponies grazing on the square. One was brown with white spots, the other was white with brown spots.

"Mount your horses, men!" Captain Gurgle shouted in Venya Kashkin's voice.

The robbers mounted the ponies and were off.

CHAPTER 26

In which no one can help Pencil and Screwbolt

If you want to find out where they sell tickets to the Moon, where they register boys for space flights, or if you just want to know which is stronger, an elephant or a whale, you go to the nearest information booth. There are information booths on many streets. They are glassed-in little booths that look like lanterns.

A young lady was sitting in one of the booths on Sunshine Square, reading a book. No one had come up to ask her where they were selling tickets to the Moon that day, and so the young lady had had time to read eighty-eight pages of her book. She was just turning the eighty-ninth page when Pencil's nose and the top of Screwbolt's head appeared in the window of her booth.

"Lady, can you tell us how to find a boy named Brummy? He's been made a Young Technician."

"There are forty-seven thousand, two hundred and seventy-five Young Technicians in our city! How old is he?"

"Uh. . . . He's two days old."



"What! You're joking. I don't give out information for jokes." She felt like asking who these funny people were, but didn't.

Meanwhile, two riders came galloping into the square on two spotted ponies. One was a bearded man, the other was as skinny as a rail. He had a long nose and had turned up the collar of his raincoat. The girl watched the ponies. She had only seen ponies in films.

The riders rode up to the Zoo. They looked around suspiciously, dismounted and ran along the sidewalk, close on the tracks of a shaggy black dog. The dog was leading them right to Pencil and Screwbolt.

A roaring red motorcycle driven by the militiaman shot out into the square. It zoomed up to the ponies and stopped.

"It's those ponies again!" the militiaman said. "Where are their riders?"

However, Captain Gurgle and Keyhole were busy spying on Pencil and Screwbolt, neither of whom had noticed the robbers, the ponies or the militiaman. They were standing in front of the big display window of a toy shop.

CHAPTER 27

In which there are a magic horseshoe, Little Red Riding Hood and the Big Bad Wolf

A toy wolf with its mouth wide open was sitting behind the big plate glass window of the shop. It was watching Little Red Riding Hood out of the corner of its eye. She had a basket in one hand and a bunch of daisies in the other. She wanted to

say to the wolf, "What big teeth you have!" but she couldn't because she was a doll.

The Big Bad Wolf wanted to say, "The better to eat you with!" But he couldn't, because he was a toy.

First, there was music coming over the radio. Then the doors opened and an announcer said: "Attention, Young Technicians! Visit our shop! We can now offer you many useful tools and materials such as hammers, saws, nails, screws, planes, wheels of all sizes and two thousand parts. You can build thousands of mechanisms such as motorboats, sailboats, model airplanes and helicopters."

"Did you hear that? That announcement was for Young Technicians. That means Brummy is sure to stop by here," said Screwbolt.

"You're right!"

They dashed into the shop and never noticed the terrible robbers who darted in right after them. Pencil and Screwbolt held hands and ran up and down the aisles, looking for Brummy.

"How long do we have to wait till he comes?" the little iron man wondered.

The robbers darted in and out among the shoppers, hiding first behind a column, then behind the broad back of a man carrying two suitcases, then behind a lady with a shopping bag.

"We've got you now!" Keyhole buzzed.

"You can't escape!" the pirate gloated. He crept up to a large counter piled high with things for Young Technicians. That was so he could keep an eye on Pencil and Screwbolt. Something that looked like an iron horseshoe fell off the heap, hit the pirate in the side and stuck to him.

"Hey! What are you doing?"

"Who?" Keyhole asked anxiously.

"This piece of iron!" The pirate tore it away from his side and threw it to the floor. But it didn't fall. Instead, it smacked him in the stomach.

"Curses! It must be black magic."

"That's not black magic. It's a magnet. It's stuck to your knife." Keyhole reached for the magnet and put it in his pocket. "It'll come in handy."

While the robbers were fighting the magnet, Pencil and Screwbolt were talking to a young salesclerk. "Pardon us," they said. "We're looking for a boy named Brummy. You haven't seen him by any chance, have you? He's a Young Technician."

"What does he build?"

"He likes boats."

"Boats? Then you'd better look for him at Serene Embankment. That's where the boys are trying out their boats. I'm sure Brummy must be there. Go left, then turn right."

The robbers caught sight of them just as Pencil and Screwbolt were making their way to the door.

"There they are! We've got to catch them!" the pirate yelled.

CHAPTER 28

The funniest of all

The robbers shoved and pushed their way through the shoppers. It was very hard to catch up with Pencil and Screwbolt in the crowd, what with everyone hurrying in different directions.

The robbers dashed out through the nearest door. However, once outside, they realised they were not in the street at all.

Standing close by was a Little Red Riding Hood doll. A toy wolf was watching them out of the corner of its eye and baring its teeth.

"It's the shop-window! We're in the shop-window! Get back, quick!" But the pirate had jolted the little door and it had slammed and locked behind them.

"We're trapped! I'll break this old window!"

"Wait, Captain!" Keyhole whispered, pointing towards the street. "They're coming this way. They might spot us. Shhhh!"

Pencil and Screwbolt were approaching the window on their way to Serene Embankment. The robbers looked around frantically for someplace to hide. They were like fish in a fishbowl.

As the spy dashed back and forth he knocked over Little Red Riding Hood. The poor doll rolled over the edge and fell to the floor, losing her bunch of daisies on the way.

"Horried child!" Keyhole hissed and then suddenly jumped with joy. "I've got it!"

Quickly he tore off the doll's red hat, dress and pinafore and jumped into her clothes. He picked up the doll's basket and tossed her white scarf to Captain Gurgle. "Wrap it around your beard, Captain! You'll be a hunter and I'll, tee-hee, be Little Red Riding Hood."

Captain Gurgle wrapped the scarf around his beard so that no one would recognise him. Then he pulled out his big pistol and aimed it at the wolf. He tried not to move, because he was supposed to be a toy hunter.

"Look, look!" the people in the street said, stopping at the shop-window. "There's a toy hunter. He wasn't here before. It's a new toy. How much does it cost? Doesn't he look brave?"

Pencil and Screwbolt couldn't pass the window without stopping. They pressed their noses against the glass.



"Doesn't Little Red Riding Hood look mean?" Pencil said.
"I wonder why she has such a long nose?"

"All little girls are very curious. It's from poking her nose into everything."

"Look! She has a bandage on her head!"

"The Big Bad Wolf must have bitten her."

"And look at that mean-looking hunter. See what a big pistol he has?"

"You need a really big pistol to shoot a wolf."

This was what Pencil and Screwbolt were talking about, while the new doll was staring at the two friends and turning purple from rage.

"Go on, get lost!" the new doll was saying to himself. "Get going, you rats! My arms and legs feel stiff from holding still so long."

A very ordinary fly was buzzing around inside the window. "Bzzzzz" went the fly. "Bzzzzz, it'szzzz hot!"

"See how shifty Little Red Riding Hood's eyes are," Pencil said and shook his head.

"It'szzzzz hot!" the fly buzzed and settled on the new doll's long, perspiring nose.

That was the last straw. The new doll wrinkled its nose and sneezed so loudly that the fly was tossed right into the hunter's eye. The hunter yelped and turned a somersault.

"Oh!" cried Pencil.

"Oooh!" cried Screwbolt and burst out laughing.

"Hello, you very wise doctor! How's your lovely bump?"

Little Red Riding Hood was grinding her teeth like a real wolf, waving her fists and hopping around. It really was a sight.

"Ha-ha-ha!" Pencil and Screwbolt laughed.

"Brats!" the hunter growled.

"Yoo-hoo!" Screwbolt giggled, and wagged his fingers at the robbers.

The robbers were fighting so mad they forgot all about the glass. They ran into it with a great crash and bounced off it.

"Ho-ho-ho! Ha-ha-ha!" the people in the street laughed.

"Ta-ta! Goodbye now!" Pencil shouted.

"Be seeing you!" Screwbolt said and waved.

CHAPTER 29

In which a strange ship appears

The two friends hurried along to Serene Embankment. The river was broad and deep in this part of the city.

A large rowboat decorated with coloured flags was sailing slowly down the river, passing under Rainbow Bridge. The breeze ruffled the flags.

There were quite a few boys in the rowboat. They were making an awful lot of noise, shouting and pointing.

"Please get that one for me! The one with the red stack!"

"Mine is the white boat! The fastest one!"

"Mine is the black one with the two stacks."

"An elderly man with grey moustaches who looked like a retired seaman scooped the model ships out of the water with an ordinary butterfly net. He shook them dry and handed them to their owners. There were model ships all over the water. They dipped and bobbed on the waves, tooted, and some even had smoke coming out of their stacks.



A crowd of impatient children was watching them from Rainbow Bridge. "It's our turn now!" the boys on the bridge shouted. "When will the boat come for us?"

Brummy was not on the bridge. Perhaps he was in the rowboat? But it was too far away for them to see.

"Bru-u-ummy!" Pencil and Screwbolt called.

No one answered. No one paid any attention to them. Everyone was looking at a boat with a large sign on it that read:

FLOATING TOY SHOP

See Our Large Selection of Model Ships

"Listen, Pencil, why don't you draw another ship?" said Screwbolt. "If Brummy's in the rowboat, he'll see it and want to go ashore."

"You're right. That's what I'll do. But where can I draw it? We have to get the ship into the water, and I can't draw on the water. Try to think of something."

"I know. First, draw a rope. I'll lower you on the rope, and you can draw the ship on the concrete wall of the embankment. Draw a man-of-war. With a lot of cannons. Boys like cannons."

First Pencil drew a rope. Screwbolt tied it round his waist, and Pencil climbed over the side. Screwbolt was holding the other end.

No one saw Pencil drawing the ship. But the moment the beautiful sailing ship was launched, every child on the bank, every boy in the rowboat and every child on the bridge caught his breath. The rowboat headed towards the pier.

"Look! Look at the sailing ship!"

"Whose is it?"

"I know! They're going to shoot a film here!"

"About what?"

"About sailors!"

"How do you know?"

"I just do."

"Golly, what a ship!"

They were all in a hurry to get a closer look at it.

Workers were building a tall house near the river. They had a good view of the new ship.

"Look," one of them said. "Someone has built a real small-scale sailing ship for the children. Good for him!"

The ship lowered its anchor. Its sails were furled. The brass cannons gleamed in the sun. The name of the ship was done in gold letters on the stern. It was

"BRUMMY"

The moment the rowboat tied up at the pier the boys hopped out like so many frogs and ran to where the wonderful ship was moored.

But Brummy was not one of them.

The retired seaman with the grey moustaches stood up in the rowboat. He watched the boys scampering away, shrugged, and hung a small sign on the mast. It read:

CLOSED TODAY

"Humph! You'd think they'd never seen a ship before," the old sailor mumbled as he climbed ashore. "We've seen stranger ships than that! We've spit into bigger waves than these!"

"You haven't seen a boy named Brummy by any chance, have you?" Pencil asked.

"What ship is Brummy serving on?" the sailor asked in a deep voice.

"He's not a sailor. He's a Young Technician."

"A Young Technician, you say? Well, that makes everything as clear as mud. I see two thousand Young Technicians every day, and every third one is named Brummy, if I'm not mistaken."

"What?"

"I was just joking. If you want to find your Brummy, go to Spring Street tomorrow. There's going to be a Young Technicians' parade at noon. You'll find out what it's all about when you get there. If Brummy's a Young Technician, he'll be sure to be there."

"Thank you," the friends said and sighed. "But we don't know how to get to Spring Street."

"I can see you're from out of town. Listen carefully, and I'll explain. But let's have a bite to eat first if you don't mind. I'm awfully hungry."

The sailor took them to a small outdoor cafe on the river bank. There was a big canvas awning over it.

People were hurrying along the embankment, eager to get a glimpse of the new ship. Boys were hanging over the stone railings. A flimsy gangway connected the ship and the bank. Only an experienced sailor could have crossed such a shaky bridge.

There were no experienced sailors among the boys.

CHAPTER 30

In which the two ponies reappear

The two ponies were still waiting outside the Zoo.

They were swishing their brown tails sadly as they watched the curious passers-by. The ponies were silent. But the passers-by weren't.

"Whose ponies are they?" a militiaman asked.

"They must be wild," someone said.

A rosy-checked man in glasses came running out. "Where are they? Let me through, please! Where are the ponies? I'm the director of the Zoo."

"That's a nice how d'you do! Your beasts are running wild in the streets!"

"These aren't beasts, they're ponies. Ah, what lovely specimens! They're a very rare breed. The rarest breed, in fact. Poor little things! You must be hungry!"

"It's disgraceful!" someone else said. "A fine director he is, if his animals are hungry!"

"The papers should know about this! I'll write a letter to the editor!" another man said and offered one of the ponies a loaf of white bread.

Another man hung a string net full of bread and buns around the other pony's neck, just like a feed bag.

"I'm taking these ponies!" the director said sternly. "Anyone who wants to see them can come to the Zoo. They'll be at the pony ride for tots."

The robbers, who were still stuck inside the stuffy shop window, saw the ponies being led into the Zoo.

"They're robbing us!" the pirate yelled. "Those are our horses! Our own personal horses!"

But no one heard him.

No one except Inkblot was paying any attention to them now. Inkblot sat outside the window, yapping at passers-by from time to time.

Something roared outside the door of the shop-window. Then the lock clicked, the door opened, and the cleaning woman entered. She was carrying a vacuum cleaner.

"Goodness! How did you ever get in here? What a mess you've made of everything! Wait till I call the manager!"

"It was an accident!" the robbers whined. "We'll be good!"

"Shame on you, girl! You're too big to act like that," the woman said to the spy in the doll's clothing.

"Waahh!" Keyhole wailed.

"Stop bawling! I can't stand to hear children crying. I'll let you go this time, but don't ever let me catch you here again! Your mother is probably worried about you."

The robbers dashed out of the toy shop. Inkblot barked happily. Then the spy stuck his tongue out at the cleaning lady and they ran off.

Inkblot led the robbers to Serene Embankment, hot on the trail of Pencil and Screwbolt.

CHAPTER 31

In which everyone wants to be captain

"There's a ship!" the pirate yelled when he saw the "Brummy". "A real ship! Whose is it? Board it, men! Follow me!" And yet, for some reason or other, he didn't budge.

There was such a crowd, so many boys were pressing forward!

The faithful Inkblot was leading them on. Keyhole, dressed in the doll's clothes, was holding the leash. "It's clear as day," the spy said. "That brat Pencil drew the ship. There's no one aboard it now. How can we board it?"

"Look, there's the captain!" the boys shouted at the sight of the pirate in his striped jersey.



"Yes, I'm the captain! I'm the captain of this ship! Make way! I'm the captain!"

The robbers crossed the gangplank.

"Hooray!" the pirate yelled. "I've got a ship at last! Caramba! Vira! Hooray!" Keyhole couldn't understand half the words he was shouting. But that's what pirates do. What sort of pirates are they if they don't know foreign words?

"Helm to starboard!" the pirate shouted. "Caramba! Vira!"

"Helm to starboard!" the boys on the embankment shouted.

"Hooray!" the pirate bellowed.

"Hooray!" the boys shouted. "Full steam ahead."

"Who's in command here?" the pirate suddenly said, coming to his senses. He looked down at the boys and yelled, "Break it up! Go on! There's nothing to look at here!"

The grown-ups went their various ways, while the boys were dragged off by their mothers and fathers who had come looking for them.

"They've got a girl on board! Why don't they take us?" the boys complained, pointing at the spy in disguise.

When the crowd was gone, the robbers raised the Jolly Roger. All robbers like this black flag with a skull and cross-bones. Inkblot liked the bones best of all.

CHAPTER 32

In which Keyhole follows the trail

The robbers went down to the cabin for a council of war.

"We can't set sail till we nab that brat Pencil!"

"I won't go anywheres until I unscrew that scarecrow Screw-bolt's head!"

"We'll catch them!"

"We'll unscrew them!"

This is what they were talking about.

"Listen, Keyhole," the pirate said. "You're a famous spy. You track them down! And you, Inkblot, smell them out! And I'll nab them! I'll nab them and rob everyone!"

The robbers and their dog left the ship.

Inkblot ran on ahead, sniffing at the pavement. He stopped near a trash can and began circling round it.

"Aha!" said the spy. "That means they were standing here."

He took a magnifying glass from his pocket and examined the sidewalk. "They were talking to someone! I can see someone's huge footprints! The footprints are wet. And there's some cigarette ash here!"

He looked into the trash can. Then he turned it over. A single cigarette butt rolled out. Keyhole snatched it and trained his magnifying glass on it.

"The big shoes were smoking 'Sailor's Blend'."

"Do you mean to say a real seaman was here?"

"Follow me!"

Inkblot was straining at his leash.

They headed towards the outdoor cafe on the river bank. There was a big canvas awning over it and white tables inside. They could hear soft music. A wonderful smell of fried sausages wafted out from under the awning and spread over the embankment.

The cafe was empty. The robbers smacked their lips, looked back over their shoulders and entered. Inkblot pulled them towards a far corner and circled round an empty table.



"They were eating here!"

"What did they order?" the hungry pirate asked and licked his chops.

Keyhole crawled under the table, but he couldn't find any traces of food on the floor.

However, the pirate's mind was not on Pencil and Screwbolt now. Captain Gurgle was staring greedily at another table. There was a plate of bread on it and several pots. They contained hot meatballs, chicken legs, baked potatoes and soup. There was also a pitcher of cranberry juice. A linen runner had the following notice embroidered on it:

GOOD DAY!

Please feel quite at home.

Help yourself to anything you like.

Leave the money for your dinner
in the blue box by the door.

Please put your dishes in the dishwasher.

Have a pleasant meal.

The robbers fell upon the food. They gobbled up everything in sight, tossing chicken bones and crusts under the table and tipping over the cranberry juice. Then they wiped their greasy hands on the tablecloth. Keyhole stuck his tongue out at the blue box as they left.

They ran away as fast as they could, looking back to see if anyone was chasing them. Inkblot, who felt quite stuffed, was pulling them onwards along the trail.

"Bow-wow!" said Inkblot, which meant: "Follow me, men!"

CHAPTER 33

In which the robbers join a group of Young Octobrists

Inkblot led the robbers to a Metro station that looked just like a palace made of glass.

"They've tricked us! Those brats have gone underground!" Keyhole said.

The robbers couldn't get into the Metro, because they had no tickets.

"Curses!" Captain Gurgle was ready to shoot someone. Anyone. That's how mad he was!

The people passing through were talking and laughing and no one was at all afraid of the pirate. When no one is afraid of a robber he begins to be afraid of everyone.

A group of small children with red stars on their shirts was coming towards the Metro. They were Young Octobrists. Their teacher was with them. The children were singing:

We are happy all day long!

One, two!

Young Octobrists, join our song!

One, two!

The grown-ups around them looked at the children and smiled. "Aren't they fine?" they said.

Keyhole the spy winked at the pirate and nodded towards the children. The robbers fell in step. Captain Gurgle tied the white scarf around his beard and bellowed in his pirate's voice:

We are happy ever-ry day!

Ho-hum!

Keyhole the spy squawked:

Sing along all day long!

The robbers thought they looked just like Young Octobrists now and the teacher would never notice them. She would take them into the Metro with the group.

But she turned and saw the pirate.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I'm Peter."

"What's wrong with your voice?"

"My throat hurts."

"He's had too much ice-cream," Keyhole added.

"Oh, my goodness!" the teacher exclaimed. "The child has a sore throat! He's ill!"

"Where's the sick child?" the people in the crowd asked anxiously.

"A child is ill!"

"Someone call an ambulance!"

"Dear me! Poor boy!"

Before the robbers had a chance to realise what was happening, they heard a siren wailing. A white ambulance with red crosses on the doors pulled up at the curb. Two men in white smocks put the pirate on a stretcher and carried him towards the ambulance.

Captain Gurgle kicked and yelled, "I'm not sick! I don't want to go to the hospital! I'm a robber! I'm a pirate! Keyhole, to the rescue!"

"Poor child," the people said. "He's delirious. He must be terribly ill."

The doors slammed shut. The pirate was on his way to the hospital.

Do you think Keyhole was upset? Not a bit! He was giggling with joy. "Serves you right, Red Beard! I hope they give you castor oil! I'll manage without you. Tee-hee! Everything will be mine now! The ship and Pencil! All mine! Tee-hee!"

The children entered the Metro, accompanied by a strange giggling girl in a red hat.

CHAPTER 34

In which we again come upon the pigeons

Inkblot ran after the ambulance as it sped down the street. The driver was taking the shortest route. The sick boy was kicking and screaming in a hoarse voice, "I don't want to go to the hospital! I'm a robber!"

The scarf that was tied round his chin slipped off. The doctor was amazed to see a bristly red beard appear.

"It's a beard," he said and turned pale. "The boy has grown a beard. It must be a strange new disease. Step on it!" he said to the driver.

No sooner had he spoken than the ambulance came to a stop. "Hurry!" the doctor said. "What's the matter?"

"It's those pigeons. They've taken up the road again."

"Don't you have your waver?"

"I forgot it."

The doctor got out and started waving his arms and shouting, "Whoosh! Whoosh!"

The pirate shot out of the open door like a rocket. The doctor didn't even have a chance to see which way the bearded boy went. The pigeons were strutting around under the wheels, paying no attention to the unhappy doctor and the upset driver.

CHAPTER 36

In which the chase begins

It was night-time in the city, but it was still as bright as day in the Metro, though the crowds were gone now.

Finally, the last train started out on its route. Some people were dozing in an almost empty car. A very small person was sound asleep in another. He had pulled the collar of his rain-coat up around his ears. All that could be seen of him was his long pale nose that was making suspicious snoring sounds like: "Wheeee-zoooo! Wheeee-zoooo!"

The train was in a hurry. It stopped at the last of the stations and a voice over the loudspeaker in the car announced: "This is the last stop. The Metro is closing. Good night."

Pencil and Screwbolt left the train and hid under one of the benches in the station. They were as still as mice.

The lights were dim now, for the bright lights had been turned off. It was as gloomy as a little lane on the outskirts of the city. That is why no one noticed them under the bench. No one, that is, except. . . . But more about that later.

Cleaning women in blue smocks arrived. They turned on the electric sweepers and sprinklers and began washing the floors and dusting the walls. Afterwards they took the escalator up.

Now there was no one on the escalator. The electrician on duty turned off the current and it stopped. Then he locked the station and went home.

The night lights were on in the underground station.

"Now!" said Screwbolt, helping Pencil up from under the bench.

"Ooh, how dark it is."



"How dark it is," someone said.

"Who's that?" the Pencil shuddered.

"Who's that?" someone teased.

"Don't be scared. It's only your echo," Screwbolt said.

"Echo, echo," the echo repeated.

"It's scary," Pencil whispered.

"Don't pay any attention. Come on, let's start."

The little artist stuck his hand into his pocket. He was looking for his coloured pencils.

"It's taken me a long time but I've got you now!" It was Keyhole. He had been hiding under the next bench while the cleaning women had been washing the station.

"Hands up!" he shouted and pulled out a big pistol.

"Come on, run for it!" Screwbolt said, grabbing Pencil's hand.

"Stop or I'll shoot!" Keyhole chattered.

BANG!

The bullet hit one of the night lights, smashing it to bits. Now it was very dark in the station.

"Run! Hurry!" Screwbolt shouted.

They jumped down onto the rails and ran into the black tunnel. During the day the blue trains had come speeding out of it. Now there were no trains.

"Where are you going, boys? Stop! I was only joking! Hee-hee! Stop! The captain sends his regards. Where are you? I was only joking!" Keyhole shouted, listening to the running feet. He took a step to the side and toppled off the platform.

"Curses!"

"Urses!" the echo repeated loudly.

Keyhole jumped up and waved his pistol.

"Hurry, Pencil, hurry!" Screwbolt shouted.

The dim lights gave off a dim glow. Somewhere behind them they could hear Keyhole pounding after them, yelling, "You won't get away!"

The night in the Metro is very short. It took them just that long to reach the next station.

Now it was early morning outside. Another electrician walked up to the locked Metro door and took out a key. Screwbolt and Pencil were running up the escalator, which had also been turned off. Keyhole was close behind, trying to grab one of them by the foot.

"Stop!" he panted. "Stop, do you hear! The station's locked anyway! You can't escape! Stop! I'm all out of breath!" And the spy sat down on the top step to catch his breath.

Pencil and Screwbolt stood next to him glumly. Indeed, there was no escape.

"This is awful," Pencil said to himself.

"Tee-hee! Hee-hee!" Keyhole giggled. "I'm all in. Sit down and chat a while. If you only knew how sorry I am for you fools! I'll unscrew every spring in you, you tin can!" he said and took a screw-driver from his pocket. He waved it in Screwbolt's face. It was the screw-driver he had stolen from the plumber that day Screwbolt had invented the wavers.

Suddenly all the lights went on in the station. The electrician had turned them on. And then the escalator, with Keyhole sitting on the top step, began moving downwards.

"Stop!" Keyhole squawked. "Help! Stop it! Help!"

But the escalator was carrying him quickly down, taking him farther and farther away from the two tired friends.

CHAPTER 37

In which a rooster becomes an alarm clock

A bright new day had begun in the city. The tired friends walked out into the street.

"How slee-eeepy I am!" Pencil said and yawned. "Let's go home, Screwbolt."

"Wait. Look where we are!"

The street was decked with coloured flags. There was a huge poster outside the Metro station. It read:

CHILDREN! TODAY!

THE YOUNG TECHNICIANS' FESTIVAL

Everyone welcome. There will be a city-wide campaign to collect **SCRAP METAL**. Prizes will be awarded after the parade.

PARADE

starts at Spring Street at noon

GAMES, FILMS, FUN FOR ALL!

"Pencil! This is where we'll find Brummy! Let's wait here!"

"All right, only let's sit down, 'cause I'm so ti-ired."

"Let's. I'm not made of iron, you know."

They did not want to sit on the sidewalk, so they wandered into a little square that had a nice lawn and lay down on the soft grass.

The summer breeze bent the grass. It tickled their faces. Some birds were chirping softly on a tree nearby.

"I think I'm faa-aalling aslee-cep," Pencil sighed.

"Me too-oo."

"What if we don't wake up in time for the parade?"

"Oh!"

"What'll we do?"

"Could you draw an alarm clock? We'll wind it up and set it for noon."

"I don't know what an alarm clock looks like."

"Then draw us a rooster."

"A rooster? That's funny," Pencil said and chuckled. He was speaking with his eyes closed.

"Please don't fall asleep now! Draw us a rooster first!"

"You must be joking. What for?"

"They always crow at the same time. People used to tell time by them before. Draw one. He'll crow at noon, and wake us up."

A minute later they were both fast asleep. A very proud and fine-looking rooster named Alarm Clock was strutting around the square, pecking at bugs. His fine tail gleamed in the sun.

CHAPTER 38

In which Pencil and Screwbolt are taken prisoner

Keyhole was as mad as a hornet when he finally left the Metro. "Those miserable brats!" he muttered, pulling his magnifying glass from his pocket. "Where'd they go?"

He examined the sidewalk but could find no trace of them. Since the people out in the street at that early hour stopped to watch him, he put away his magnifying glass.

Trucks with the words "SWEETS, CHOCOLATES, ICE-CREAM" painted on their sides were rolling down the street.

They were taking these goodies and forty-two thousand other delicious things to the festival. Keyhole's nose twitched as it followed the trucks. His eyes glittered greedily.

"Co-co-co!" came a strange sound from a small square nearby. Keyhole was curious to see what it was. He tip-toed over and nearly shouted with joy, but stuffed his hat into his mouth just in time.

"Tee-hee!" he whispered, spitting out his hat. "So that's where you are! Handed up on a silver platter! Well, you won't fool me this time. Sleep tight, boys. Bye-bye, babies. I'll wake you up tonight. Tee-hee! But I'll give you a good scare, you iron scarecrow, before I unscrew every screw in you. As for you, you paint-smearer, I'll take you off in my ship. Sleep tight."

"Co-co-co!" the rooster said angrily.

"Shush, you foul fowl!"

"Co-co-co-co!"

"You'll wake them up! I'll take care of you!" Keyhole hissed. "Come here. Here, chick-chick-chick!" He crooked his finger at the rooster. The proud rooster didn't even look his way. Then the robber pretended he was scattering crumbs on the ground.

"Here, chicky-chick!"

"Co-co?" the rooster said doubtfully.

"Nice chicky-chick!" the robber crooned, putting on a sticky smile.

The silly rooster came up to him and said, "Co-co."

The spy pounced on him like a fox. And that was the end of Alarm Clock the rooster.

Drums rolled and bugles blew. Groups of boys and girls poured out into the streets and fell in line. They were followed by trucks decked with banners that read:

SCRAP METAL

The campaign was under way.



People opened their windows. Old women called from their balconies, "Come up to my house, children! I have an old tea kettle for you!"

"Hmph! What's a tea kettle? I have a samovar!" another old woman called. "Here, children, I'll lower it to you on a rope."

"Come to our house! Don't forget us!" people were calling from all sides. Many began carrying out whatever scrap metal they had. The children piled the old pots and pans into trucks. There were bicycle wheels, kettles and many other objects.

Screwbolt and Pencil slept on blissfully through all the noise and racket.

Meanwhile, Keyhole had made a bonfire and had roasted the rooster. He was now gnawing the bones, growling lazily like a dog that has eaten too much. "Yum-yum! I'll make that Paintbrush draw me chickens every day. The cooking's a bother, though. I know! He'll draw me roast chickens. Tee-hee!"

The clock on the town square struck twelve. A brass band began to play. The Young Technicians were marching down Spring Street.

Brummy was marching with them. The children were carrying model planes, spaceships, sputniks, ships, cars, harvesters and all sorts of model machines. Propellers spun, sputniks beeped as they circled overhead, and spaceships tried to shoot into the sky.

The people who lined the street shouted "Hooray!" and tossed flowers at the marchers. Everyone noticed the poster little Brummy was carrying. It read:

**WE KNOW IT'S NOT
A SNAP,
BUT WE'LL COLLECT
THE SCRAP!**



Neither Screwbolt nor Pencil woke up to see Brummy passing by.

"Go to sleep. Bye-bye, babies," the robber crooned.

Meanwhile hundreds of coloured balloons and flocks of pigeons took to the air. The winners, three happy girls and three happy boys, climbed to the grandstand. Each was given a bicycle or a camera.

"Hooray! Hooray!" everyone shouted.

Screwbolt woke up. He opened one eye and quickly shut it again when he caught sight of the spy. "What a terrible dream I'm having!" he said.

"It's no dream," said Pencil, who had just awoken. "We've been taken prisoner!"

"Take it easy," the robber said as he pulled a pistol out of his pocket. "You'll come with me as soon as it gets dark."

"Where's Brummy?" Pencil asked. "He'll be lost without us. He's so small."

CHAPTER 39

In which the pirate helps Pencil and Screwbolt

Somehow, festivals always end quickly.

Soon it was evening. The people were singing and dancing in the streets, they were buying ice-cream, sweets and chocolates.

Two sad friends and one happy robber were walking slowly down a deserted street. "I might not unscrew you after all," the robber taunted. "I'll toss you in the river instead! You're iron and that means you hate water."

But Screwbolt was too proud to answer him. He was trying to think of a way to save Pencil. The robber had his huge pistol at their backs. What could Screwbolt do?

"Come on, shake a leg!" Keyhole said. "There's my wonderful ship!"

They had reached the spot where the "Brummy" was moored. Someone was running towards them.

It was Captain Gurgle!

"We're done for!" Pencil whispered. "Farewell, Screwbolt!"

But why was Keyhole so frightened?

"You traitor!" Captain Gurgle roared as he ran up to them.

"Stop or I'll shoot!" Keyhole chattered and aimed his pistol at the pirate. But his hand was shaking so badly it made the pistol bob up and down.

The pirate pounced on him like a tiger. Keyhole squeaked loudly, and the two of them rolled off, pummelling each other.

"Help! Murder!" Keyhole babbled. "Mamma!"

"You snake-in-the-grass!" the pirate growled and punched his friend in the nose.

"I was only fooling! I won't any more!" Keyhole yelled.

"Well, I'm paying you for your fun, joker!" Captain Gurgle replied, punching his friend in the ear.

"I was tracking down Pencil! I caught him! I'm really good! I'm the most honest. . . ."

The pirate was just about to pull a handful of hair from the spy's head. Now he stopped and said, "Why didn't you say so? Where is he?"

"How do I know? They've run away! Ouch! Help!"

"Follow them! Follow me! Inkblot, you doggy mutt, lead the way!"

Keyhole scampered after them, blowing his nose loudly.

CHAPTER 40

Which is the saddest of all

Pencil and Screwbolt hid under Rainbow Bridge. Inkblot was hot on their trail.

"Quick, draw a cat!" Screwbolt whispered.

With a shaking hand Pencil drew a mean, scraggly tomcat.

"Meow!" the cat yowled, arching its back at the sight of Inkblot.

This was too much for Inkblot. He dashed after the cat, barking wildly. The cat darted down a lane. The dog and the robbers followed.

Meanwhile, Screwbolt and Pencil were running down Serene Embankment.

"Bow-wow!" they heard the dog barking far, far away.

"Hurry, Pencil, hurry!"

However, the robbers saw they were following a cat and turned back.

The two friends knocked and rang at every door, but no one let them in. Everyone had gone to the festival on Spring Street.

A watering truck passed them. It watered the road, the sidewalks, the trees and the bushes.

Pencil and Screwbolt ran up to the driver, waving their arms and shouting, "Wait! Give us a lift! Robbers are after us!"

But the driver couldn't hear them. He said to himself, "Boys will be boys! They always want to get a shower." He continued on his way, while Pencil and Screwbolt both got thoroughly soaked.

"Bow-wow-wow!" The robbers were getting very close.

"What! I'll draw a towel, so you can dry yourself. We don't want you to get rusty," said Pencil.

"There's no time to stop! Hurry! Run!"

Soon Pencil noticed that Screwbolt was dropping behind.

"You look terrible, Screwbolt. Don't you feel well?"

"I'm getting rusty," the iron man thought sadly. "I can't run very fast any more." But what he said out loud was, "I have got an idea! I'll stay back and fight them!"

"But you're sick!"

"No, I'm not! Run! Hurry! They're really after you, not me. They need you. I'll stay back and fight them. They'll be sorry!" He hopped around like a boxer who was shadow-boxing. He was doing this so well that Pencil believed him.

"All right! I'll run to get the militiaman!"

He shook his friend's hand and was off.

"Ho-ho! We've got you now!" the pirate shouted. "And where's your friend, Pencil?"

"You'll never see him again!"

"Don't talk back!"

"Come closer, you bearded broom, and you'll have a bald beard!"

"Wha-at?" Captain Gurgle turned purple from rage.

"Hit him!" Keyhole panted. "If you don't tell us where Pencil is, I'll shoot you dead, Screwbolt!"

But the little iron man jingled his springs and laughed in their faces.

Then Keyhole aimed his pistol at Screwbolt and fired. The bullet hit him in the chest. It clanged and dropped to the ground.

"Ha-ha! I'm bullet-proof!" Screwbolt said and bounced up and down on his springy legs, butting Keyhole with his iron head. Keyhole was out cold.



"Our side's winning!" Screwbolt shouted and punched the pirate.

Captain Gurgle howled. But Screwbolt was wounded, and he was rusting quickly. His strength was failing. He toppled over. Inkblot snapped at his foot.

The bearded pirate pounced on him.

"Hit Screwbolt!" Keyhole squealed from where he lay on the road. "Hit him! He's nearly done for!"

Screwbolt sprang up and crashed into the pirate, who bit his tongue and collapsed in a heap on top of Keyhole.

"Help!" Keyhole squeaked from under him.

"Our side's winning!" Screwbolt said very softly. He was having trouble moving his arms and legs.

The sly spy Keyhole pulled the magnet he had stolen from his pocket and held it close to Screwbolt. The iron man lost consciousness. He was stuck fast to the magnet.

"Tee-hee," said Keyhole. "We've won."

"We've won," Captain Gurgle moaned. "Let's tie him up."

The robbers bound poor Screwbolt hand and foot.

"I'll unscrew you down to the last screw at last!" Keyhole took his stolen screw-driver from his pocket. He held it by the handle. Then he held it by the blade. Then he sniffed it. Neither he nor the pirate knew how to use a screw-driver. In the end Keyhole tossed it away. It clanged and disappeared.

"There's a hole there!" the pirate said. "Right in the pavement. And there's a grate on top of it."

Indeed, it was a grate over a drain leading to the sewer, the kind you see in every street. That's where the rain water goes after the rain.

The spy's eyes glittered. "We'll toss Screwbolt down the drain! There's a lot of water there, tee-hee, and it all goes into

the river! He'll go into the river and he'll never hit us again!"

"I don't know where he's going," said Captain Gurgle, "but his friend Pencil's going to be mighty sorry he came back!"

Pencil was running towards them. He had heard the shot and was coming to his friend's rescue.

"Don't touch Screwbolt! Spare his life!"

The robbers were dragging Screwbolt's limp body towards the grate.

Pencil rushed at the armed robbers, he shouted and kicked, and fought. But they soon had him tied up. They stuffed him into a sack and then dropped Screwbolt down through the grate.

All they could hear was the sound of running water below.

Was that the end of the two friends? Screwbolt was drowned, and Pencil had been kidnapped. If it was, we must say,

THE END

CHAPTER 41

In which Venya Kashkin collects scrap metal

I wasn't going to go on with the story, but just then Venya Kashkin appeared. He was feeling nasty. He had not been invited to join the parade, even though he had collected scrap metal. First, he had taken in a tin trash can from the street. But they had said that wasn't scrap but a very useful thing, since it helped keep the streets clean.

Venya hadn't stayed to hear all of it. He had spat into the can disgustedly, set it down in the middle of the square and gone off in a huff to watch TV at home.

When he turned on the set he saw a live broadcast from the festival he hadn't been invited to.

Venya watched the children enjoying themselves and said, "So what? Who wants to go around collecting junk? I have better things to do."

Meanwhile, the TV cameras were trained on the square. People were singing and dancing, and throwing their ice-cream wrappers into the trash can Venya had set there.

He switched off the set. He was bored. After a while he decided to go out. As he was passing Serene Embankment he thought he saw two little men carrying a sack. They turned the corner.

Venya was whistling and looking underfoot. You won't see anything on a freshly washed sidewalk except a sewer grate if no one has lost anything.

As he was passing the grate he looked down. Something glittered. He stuck his hand through the grate and pulled up Screwbolt and the magnet.

This sounds too good to be true. Was it really Screwbolt? Yes, it was! The little iron man had not fallen into the water. The magnet had stuck to the iron grate, and Screwbolt was stuck to the magnet. The water rushed by below, but Screwbolt neither heard it nor saw it.

"It's iron! It's scrap iron!" Venya Kashkin said happily. "I found it myself! They'll give me a bicycle for it. And a camera, too! All the kids will die of envy."

And he was off, with the little iron man in tow.

Venya took his find to the Young Technicians' headquarters.

"Good for you!" they said. "It's a strange rusty object, but the metal's very good. We'll send it to the furnace to be melted down. Then something else can be made from it. Maybe a toy electric car. Would you like some ice-cream?"

"Where are the cameras?"

"There aren't any left."

"All right, give me a bicycle then. I'll come back for my camera tomorrow."

"We've given the bicycles away as prizes to the winners. The scrap you've brought weighs one kilogram. The winner brought in twenty-one kilograms."

Venya stalked out of the building. He spotted a trash can in the square. The very same one he had wanted to hand in as scrap metal.

"I'll show you!" he said and kicked it so hard that all the ice-cream wrappers and paper cups rolled out of it. But no one noticed, for everyone was too busy having a good time.

Venya ran after the can, kicking it along towards Serene Embankment. "It's all your fault!" he muttered. "I'll make holes in you and hand you in as scrap. No one will say you're useful then! No, there's no sense handing you in, because there aren't any bicycles left. I know, I'll kick you into the river! Just for fun."

The trash can clattered loudly as he kicked it along the quiet streets towards the river.

CHAPTER 42

In which Venya Kashkin becomes a pirate

On board the ship the pirate untied the sack and shook Pencil out of it.

"Dear little Pencil," Keyhole said in a disgustingly sweet voice, "please do us a big favour and draw us some pastry."

"A barrel of wine!" the pirate demanded. He was a great drinker, just like any pirate in a book. "My throat's dry. Draw me some wine!"

"I won't draw you anything," Pencil said in a firm voice.

"You've murdered Screwbolt, and I'd die before I ever drew anything for you!"

"That's what you think!" the pirate bellowed. "I'll soon make you do as I say. If you don't want me to hit you, start drawing!"

But the little artist did not reply. He was looking out the porthole sadly, gazing at the dark water which the brave Screwbolt had feared so. No matter how the robbers shouted and threatened, Pencil did not say another word.

"Tie him up! Lock him up! We won't even give him bread and water!"

"What about us?"

"Don't worry. We'll shoot a couple of dozen pigeons and roast them. My ship is leaving this miserable town tomorrow. When we're on the high seas this stupid artist will do as I say! I'm the master of this ship! When I say 'Unfurl the sails!' tomorrow. . . ."

"Who'll unfurl them?" Keyhole asked timidly.

"Why, the crew, of course!"

"The c-crew? Which crew? There isn't any crew."

"Since I'm the captain, you'll have to be the crew."

"I'm no sailor! I don't know how to unfurl a sail, I'm not strong at all," the spy began to whine.

"Fiddlesticks! I'll teach you. Indeed, you're not much to look at. It's sorry crew I have. What we need is another able-bodied bandit."

There was a loud clattering noise coming from the embankment. The robbers dashed up on deck. It was Venya Kashkin, kicking the trash can towards the pier where the floating toy shop was moored. The can was bouncing and rolling, getting out

of reach, but Venya would always catch up with it and give it another hefty kick.

"Aim for the goal!" Venya was shouting, as if he were playing soccer. He was having a grand time making all that noise with no one to stop him or to scold, since everyone was at the festival.

"Why, you're worse than a bandit!" A window had opened in one of the houses and an old lady had stuck her head out. She was shouting at Venya. "What do you think you're doing? Wait till I get my hands on you, you bandit!"

"There's a bandit!" Keyhole cried. "Did you hear what she said? That's just the person we're looking for. He'll be an able-bodied seaman. I want to be in command, too!"

Captain Gurgle thrust out his chin and his chest.

"Hey, there! Would you like to come on board my ship? I'm the captain. Come over here!"

"Who, me? You want me to come on board?" Venya said, not daring to believe what he had heard.

"Yes, you! Come on board."

Venya approached the gangplank as in a dream. He was so close to the wonderful sailing ship now.

"Ahoy!" roared Captain Gurgle. "There will be a five-gun salute!"

It was just like in films. The cannons roared. White puffs of smoke rose over the masts. The old lady's window was shut with a bang.

"Hooray!" Keyhole shouted.

"Golly!" said Venya Kashkin.

The narrow gangplank was lowered. The waves had driven the ship close to the embankment. Venya leaped aboard. First the captain put his arm around Venya as if they were old friends.



His bristly beard tickled Venya's neck. Then Keyhole the spy slapped him on the back.

"Ahoy, there, mate!" the pirate said and winked at him.

"How's life been treating you? How's your loot?"

"My what? I'm not a thief."

"Ho-ho-ho! That's a good one! You're a bandit, aren't you? What name do you go by?"

"My name's Venya."

"I'm Captain Gurgle."

"You must be very famous. I've seen you someplace before."

"I certainly am! Do you want to roam the seas with me?"

"Yes!"

"Fine! I'll make you a member of my gang. . . . I mean, you'll be one of the crew. We'll go plundering together! Shooting, burning, robbing!"

"I don't know how to rob," said Venya.

"Tee-hee! What a jokester he is!" said Keyhole. "Haven't you ever taken over someone else's ship or sunk one?"

"Ho-ho-ho! We'll soon teach you the ropes! We have a regular crew now. We're bandits-in-arms . . . I mean, comrades-in-arms now!"

"I'm no bandit," Venya mumbled. He was quite confused. "I don't want to be a robber!" He had finally got a close look at their awful faces, at the curved knife and pistols. Venya was frightened.

"What do you want?" the pirate demanded.

"I want to go to sea, like a real sailor."

"Hear that, Keyhole? He wants to go to sea. And what else do you want?" the pirate's voice was very mean.

"I want to go home!" Venya Kashkin all but wailed.

"That's treachery!" the pirate snapped. "Do you want to desert the ship? Hang the scoundrel from the riggings!" The captain grabbed a rope, but Keyhole whispered in his ear, "Don't hang him, Captain. We'll lose our crew if you do."

"I'll tell my mamma on you!" Venya bawled.

"Ho-ho-ho! Ha-ha-ha!" the robbers laughed.

"Mamma!" Venya cried.

He wanted to get ashore, but the robbers caught him, bound him and shoved him into a storeroom where they already had Pencil locked up.

Trucks with the words "SCRAP METAL" painted on their sides were coming down the embankment. They were heading across town to the factory in Steelmakers' Square.

CHAPTER 43

In which a steelmaker cooks nails

You must know how cereal or potatoes are cooked. Do you know that iron nails can be cooked so that they become liquid?

Across town at Steelmakers' Square a large factory was working through the night. There were huge brick furnaces in the factory. The flames in the furnaces were so hot and blinding you couldn't even look at them. Scrap metal was melted down in the furnaces. It was as hot as the flames and as runny as heavy cream. It melted as quickly as ice-cream on a hot stove.

A steelmaker came up to one of the furnaces. He knew how to make the best steel. He looked at the molten metal through his dark glasses and said, "It's coming along nicely."

Just then someone called him to the telephone. "Hello," he said.

"Will you come over to the warehouse and see the scrap metal the children collected."

"Yes. I'll be over as soon as my shift ends."

When the sun came up and the night shift ended, the steelmaker dropped by the warehouse.

"This is excellent metal," he said. "Good for them! Look! What's this funny contraption?"

"Which?" the watchman asked. "Oh, this? I don't know. It looks like a mess of springs and screws. Well, if they've sent it to us, it means nobody needs it any more. Anyway, it's rusty. After you melt it down it can be made into something useful. But doesn't it remind you of a sort of person?"

"Yes, it does. I think it's an old toy. Do you mind if I take it home? My son Timmy has just become a Young Technician. I think he'll be able to fix it."

"You're welcome to it. But I'm afraid your son will have quite a job trying to fix it."

"It'll be a good experience for him. He wants to be a real technician when he grows up. Thanks a lot. Goodbye!"

"Goodbye!"

The steelmaker took a bus to his stop. He had the little rusty man wrapped up in a newspaper under his arm. The steelmaker rang the bell of apartment 21 on the sixth floor. A boy named Timmy opened it. Yes, it was our old friend Timmy, whose father was a steelmaker.

"Hello, Daddy."

"Hello, son. I've got a surprise for you. It's an iron man. See if you can fix it."

"I'll soak it in kerosene, then sandpaper it and tighten the screws. And I'll paint it." Then he looked at the iron man and cried, "Why, it's Screwbolt! I know him, Daddy!"



"Screwbolt? Who's he? Oh, I remember! I didn't recognise him at first, not the way he looks. Something terrible must have happened to him. Poor fellow. You start cleaning him right now."

Timmy soaked Screwbolt in kerosene. Then he sanded off all the rust until the iron man began to gleam again. Then he took a screw-driver and tightened every single screw. Then he wiped him with a soft cloth, got out a can of enamel and painted him. Screwbolt looked grand. But he didn't move.

"I really don't know what to do," his father said.

"I don't think I can fix him," Timmy said. "You know what? I'll go to the Young Technicians' House and ask Brummy Pencilton to come and have a look at him. He's famous. He can fix anything!"

"No, I think we'd better take Screwbolt over there. I'm sure there are a lot of fine technicians there. To tell you the truth, I don't have much faith in that Pencilton fellow."

CHAPTER 44

In which carpets move and doors speak

When Timmy and his father came up to the Young Technicians' House they saw that the big entrance door had no knob. However, the door opened as soon as they approached. It was an automatic door. It also said, "Welcome!"

A fine woolly carpet was set into motion the moment they stepped on it. It was like riding an escalator. The carpet spoke in a human voice. It said, "Which section do you want?" It was automatic, too.

"We don't know yet," Timmy's father said, and the carpet stopped.

A large portrait of the famous Brummy Pencilton was hanging in the entrance hall. Inside a large room a group of children were working over a strange-looking machine. They were hammering, tightening screws and drilling holes.

"We're making another automatic cloakroom attendant. It will remove your hat and coat and take your overshoes," one of the children explained.

"We've brought you a little iron man," Timmy's father said. "He doesn't work. Can any of you fix him?"

"Brummy Pencilton can!" said Timmy.

"That's right! He's the most famous Young Technician."

"Would you please call him over?" Timmy's father said.

"Oh, we can't call him now. You'll have to wait. Pencilton is very busy now. Some people from the ice-cream plant are here to see him. He's trying out a new flavour called 'Brummy'."

"I know it's probably important, but would you please call him anyway? The little iron man has had a terrible shock!"

The children looked at Screwbolt. They shook their heads sadly and then pressed several shiny buttons on the wall. A TV screen lit up. They saw Brummy tasting ice-cream in another room.

"Who wants to see me?" he said in a rather annoyed voice.

"We need your help! It's an emergency!"

"Can't you see I'm busy?"

"We're really sorry to bother you, but we're all waiting for you to come and help us."

"Well, if that's the case, I'll drop by for a minute," Pencilton said in a very pompous voice.

He walked in slowly, as a very important person would. "What's the matter?"

"Would you please fix the little iron man?"

Brummy glanced at Screwbolt. He rushed over to him. "Screwbolt!" he cried. "Why aren't you jumping around? Who broke you?"

"As soon as he's fixed he'll tell us who broke him," the children said.

"But . . . but I can't fix him. I . . . don't know how," little Brummy said and sobbed. Then he broke down and wept. "I don't know how to do anything! I didn't make the ship. He did! Poor Screwbolt!" and he wiped the tears that were running down his cheeks.

"Let's not waste time," the steelmaker said calmly. "Who can fix the little iron man?"

"We can!" the children replied.

"I'll try!" said Timmy.

"Fine! Get your tools. I think you'd better check his screws first."

The children tightened each and every screw again. They checked each and every spring.

Screwbolt opened his eyes.

"Brummy? Timmy? How did you get here? Where are the robbers? Where's Pencil?" he cried, jumping to his feet. "They'll kill Pencil! They're armed. And they've taken over the ship!"

No one knew what he was talking about.

"I mean the pirate and the spy Keyhole," Screwbolt explained.

"I see," said the steelmaker and sighed. "Poor Screwbolt has been reading about spies and pirates."

"Hurry to Serene Embankment! Save Pencil!" Screwbolt pleaded.

"Save my daddy Pencil!" little Brummy wept.

"Daddy, help!" Timmy said.

CHAPTER 45

In which our story ends

The "Brummy", sailing under the Jolly Roder, was putting out to sea. The prisoners were bound hand and foot in a small storeroom. The hairy, bearded captain was standing on the deck in his striped jersey with two big pistols stuck in his belt.

"Unfurl the sails!" Captain Gurgle roared.

He must have shouted his commands at least twenty-six times. Keyhole, barefoot and angry, was climbing the riggings. He was cursing and sweating. He had been at work on the sails for nearly three hours and was now trying to get the last one loose.

Curious boys lined the embankment. The floating toy shop was moored nearby, but no one was interested in toy boats now.

A real sailing ship was getting ready to sail!

A retired seaman with a big moustache was sitting behind the counter in the floating toy shop, watching the goings-on and Keyhole at work. He was mumbling to himself, "That's no way to do it! You're making a mess of the job!"

The workers who were building a house on the embankment stopped their tower crane and had a break. They wanted to see the little ship set sail.

Finally, the last sail billowed out in the wind. The ship shuddered and began moving slowly away from the bank.

"Stop! Stop them!" a loud voice shouted.

A taxi had just pulled up at the curb. Timmy, his father, Screwbolt and Brummy jumped out.

"Stop them!" the steelmaker said. "They're robbers!"

"Did you hear that? They're real bandits!" the boys on the embankment shouted. "Isn't that grand!"

"Stop!" the steelmaker shouted again.

"Where's Pencil? Give him back to us!" Timmy and Screwbolt shouted.

The robbers were very surprised to see Screwbolt. "You'll have a long wait!" Keyhole finally shouted back. "So long! Have a nice time!"

"Can you start your boat? We have to stop them," the steelmaker said to the retired seaman.

"I'll try, but there's something wrong with the motor. I'm not sure it'll catch right away."

"Yoo-hoo!" the robbers called, doing a jig on the deck. "Ho-ho-ho!"

"How can we stop them?" the steelmaker said. "I can't swim that fast." He looked around. Suddenly, he had an idea. "Hey, there!" he shouted to the construction workers. "Can you lift the ship with your crane?"

Though the ship was sailing farther and farther away, the crane's long arm reached out over the water. The robbers were horrified. It caught the top rigging and raised the ship as easily as if it were a feather.

"Help! We're being attacked!" the robbers yelled.

They scampered back and forth, and when the ship tilted they slid off the deck and into the river. Inkblot slid off after them.

"I'm drowning! Save me!" Keyhole howled.



"Gurgle-gurgle-gurgle," said Captain Gurgle, blowing bubbles. The pirate, the famous pirate, did not know how to swim!

"Man overboard!" said the old sailor and jumped into the water.

The crane lowered the ship onto the bank. Screwbolt rushed aboard. The steelmaker broke the lock on the storeroom door. Screwbolt rushed inside. He was gone for quite a while. Finally, Venya Kashkin appeared. The robbers, dripping wet and sorry-looking, were deposited on the bank. The old sailor was holding them by their collars like puppies. Then the militiaman came riding up on his motorcycle.

"Are these the robbers?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I see."

"It was an accident! We won't any more!" the robbers cried. This made everyone laugh.

"You won't what?" the militiaman asked.

"We won't rob anyone!"

"That's fine. What will you do instead?"

"Nothing!" they promised.

"That's no good, either. Everyone has to have some kind of a job. That includes you, too!"

"We don't know how to work."

"I've never seen anything like this before! Don't you get bored doing nothing? Isn't there anything you know how to do?"

"I know how to order a crew around. Anchor aweigh!" the pirate boasted.



"And I know how to sniff out, hunt down and shadow," said Keyhole.

"That's no good. There's nothing to sniff out, hunt down or shadow."

"Imagine, those two wet creatures don't know how to do anything!" everyone exclaimed.

"Is he a good shadow?" a man asked, pointing at Keyhole. "If he is, he's just the person we need. I'm the city gardener. We need him to work in the gardens, parks and boulevards. He'll sniff out, hunt down and shadow caterpillars, bugs and other harmful insects."

"Bow-wow!" said a wet black dog named Inkblot. That meant, "I want to hunt down bugs, too!"

"That's useful work," the old sailor said. "I'll give this wet, half-baked captain a job in our floating toy shop. I need an assistant to fish the model ships out of the water with a butterfly net. And we'll open a second shop on the sailing ship."

"Hooray!" shouted the children on the embankment.

But they were not cheering Captain Gurgle, who was now an assistant clerk in the floating toy shop.

The two small friends had finally appeared on deck. Screw-bolt was laughing, Pencil was smiling and waving.

Timmy and Brummy had told the children about what had happened. Now they all shouted, "Three cheers for brave Screw-bolt!", "Three cheers for Pencil, the world's greatest artist and magician!"

"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

Timmy's father picked him up so that he could see over the heads of the crowd. "Hooray! Our side won!" Timmy shouted.

CHAPTER 46

Which is the last

Several days later a huge poster was put on up on Clear Square, the most beautiful square in the city. It read:

CHILDREN!

LEARN TO DRAW LIVE PICTURES
COME TO PENCIL AND SCREWBOLT'S
NEW SCHOOL!

Address: 21, Dreamers' Street.

The people you draw will live in the houses you
draw, drive cars you draw and wear clothes you draw.
You will be the ones to draw cities, factories, schools,
roads, airplanes and a million other useful things.
The spaceship you draw will take you to the Moon!

COME TO OUR NEW SCHOOL!

(Signed) PENCIL,

Magic Artist, Teacher of Drawing

SCREWBOLT,

Chief Scientist, Mechanical Consultant

While the children were registering for the new school, Pencil and Screwbolt set off on a long journey. They wanted to see everything there was to see for themselves. Then they would teach the children in the new school all there was to know.

Brummy entered the preparatory class.



And now our story of the little magic artist and the brave iron man who was a very ordinary iron man, but who knew how to do many things as well as real magicians, has come to an end. We shall tell you a secret in parting. Real magicians say, "He who does everything himself will certainly become a-magician!"

Goodbye, dear friends!





